MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS
1876–1880

An Electronic Edition

Volume 4: 1879

Edited by the
Mark Twain Project

Published for the
University of California Press
by the
Mark Twain Project of The Bancroft Library

Berkeley, California
2003

The texts of letters written or dictated by Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Olivia L. Clemens, Olivia Susan (Susy) Clemens, Clara L. Clemens, and Jane L. (Jean) Clemens—excluding only those letters published before 1923—are © 2001 by Richard A. Watson and The Chase Global Private Bank as Trustees of the Mark Twain Foundation, which reserves all reproduction or dramatization rights in every medium. All editorial transcription, reconstruction, decipherment, explanatory comment, identification of correspondents, places, and dates are © 2001 and 2003 by The Regents of the University of California.

ISBN: 0-520-90101-0

Introduction

This electronic edition includes the texts of more than seven hundred letters written by Samuel L. Clemens—every letter that is known to survive from January 1876 through December 1880. The edition comprises five volumes, one for each year. Every letter has been meticulously transcribed from the best available source: the original manuscript (or photocopy of it) whenever possible; a printed source (such as a book, newspaper, or dealer's catalog) when the manuscript is unavailable. In a few cases, the source is a handwritten or printed text that contains a paraphrase of Clemens's words. This electronic edition continues the six volumes published to date in the Mark Twain Project's print series, *Mark Twain's Letters,* which include the letters written between 1853 and 1875 (Berkeley, Los Angeles, London: University of California Press, 1988–2002). Unlike those volumes, however, it does not contain detailed annotation, textual commentaries, or other documentation, but it employs the same system of transcription, which represents the text of Clemens's holograph as fully as possible, including his cancellations (e.g., ~~deletions~~) and ^insertions^. An editorial heading for each letter confirms, corrects, or supplies the name of the addressee and the date and place of composition, and the name of Clemens's co-writer or amanuensis, as needed. A source line identifies the document from which the transcription was prepared. For more information about the transcription system, see Editorial Signs, Authorial Signs, and Emendation Policy, the sections that immediately follow this introduction.

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By 1876, drawing on his varied experiences as a Mississippi River steamboat pilot, a gold and silver miner in Nevada Territory, a western journalist known as the "Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope," and a foreign travel correspondent, Clemens had established himself as one of the preeminent literary figures of the English-speaking world. He had followed his first book of short pieces, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, And other Sketches* (New York: C. H. Webb, 1867), with three full-length works sold by subscription, by the American Publishing Company of Hartford, Connecticut, in nearly unprecedented numbers: *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), an account of his excursion to Europe and the Holy Land aboard the steamer *Quaker City; Roughing It* (1872), based on his experiences in Nevada Territory, California, and the Sandwich Islands; and *The Gilded Age* (1873–74), a political satire written in collaboration with his Hartford friend, neighbor, and fellow humorist, Charles Dudley Warner. In a fourth major book, *Mark Twain's Sketches, New and Old* (1875), likewise issued by the American Publishing Company, he had compiled his own selection of his best short work. He had also written, but not yet published, what came to be known as the definitive "boy's book," *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.* Meanwhile, he had built a following among magazine

readers, first in 1870–71 with a monthly "Memoranda" column in the popular *Galaxy,* and then, beginning in 1874, with regular contributions, especially his "Old Times on the Mississippi" series (January–June, August 1875), in the much more high-toned *Atlantic Monthly*. He was also a familiar presence in the daily press, as co-owner and co-editor of the Buffalo *Express* (1869–70), and through prominently published letters to the editors of the New York *Tribune,* the Hartford *Courant,* and other papers. And in 1874–75 he had made a spectacular debut as a playwright with a comedy cobbled from his portion of *The Gilded Age*. Eventually known simply as *Colonel Sellers,* for the flamboyant lead character played by John T. Raymond, the play became a staple of the nineteenth-century American stage. Raymond toured it and revived it for more than a decade, earning Clemens a considerable fortune.

During these years Clemens had also established himself as one of the most popular lecturers on the lyceum circuit. He made three grueling lecture tours of the eastern and midwestern United States (1868–69, 1869–70, 1871–72), and had two briefer but tremendously successful engagements in England (1872–73), while there for pleasure and to arrange for English editions of his books. These lectures, domestic and foreign, provided useful publicity for the books and were instrumental in making "Mark Twain" a familiar household name.

Clemens's personal life was as crowded as his professional one. In February 1870 he married Olivia Langdon, daughter of a prominent and socially progressive Elmira, New York, coal magnate. The newlyweds lived for a little more than a year in Buffalo, New York, where their son, Langdon, was born in November 1870. Unhappy in Buffalo, they moved to Hartford, Connecticut, in the fall of 1871. There they settled in the fashionable and literary Nook Farm neighborhood, home to Warner and Harriet Beecher Stowe, among congenial others. They rented a house while acquiring property and building a house of their own. By the time it was ready for occupancy in September 1874, the Clemenses had lost their frail son to illness, but had seen the birth of two healthy daughters, Olivia Susan (Susy), in March of 1872, and Clara, in June of 1874.

The years 1876–80 were no less busy and productive, although not without their frustrations. In 1876 Clemens saw the publication of the English and American editions of *Tom Sawyer* (by Chatto and Windus, of London, and the American Publishing Company), but was irritated by delays in the American version and infuriated when sales were damaged by competition from an unauthorized Canadian edition. In July of that year he began *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* his sequel to *Tom Sawyer,* and drafted about a third of the story by September, when he set it aside. He was soon receiving so many inquiries from readers anxious for this sequel that he resorted to a printed form letter of reply, which he began sending out, while the work was on hold, in 1877 (included here at the beginning of that year). In 1876 he also wrote *1601,* his bawdy burlesque of the court of Elizabeth I, which he circulated privately among friends. And still in 1876, hoping to

repeat the popular and financial success of the *Gilded Age* play, he collaborated on a new comedy with his old San Francisco friend, Bret Harte. The collaboration proved a disaster, artistically and also personally. The play, *Ah Sin, the Heathen Chinee,* debuted in Washington in the spring of 1877, had a short run in New York that summer, and a brief road tour that fall, before Clemens pronounced it a failure and withdrew it from the stage. He blamed Harte for the play's manifold defects, and his bitterness over that and over Harte's borrowing of money put an end to their long friendship. His attempt to succeed on his own with yet another play, "Cap'n Simon Wheeler, The Amateur Detective," which he drafted and revised in about two weeks in June and July 1877, was also doomed to failure when he was unable to interest any New York actor or producer in staging it. Abandoning drama then, he turned to historical fiction. In the fall of 1877 he began writing *The Prince and the Pauper,* completing about a third of the story before setting it aside in February 1878.

While engaged on these major projects, Clemens found time to monitor sales of "Mark Twain's Patent Self-Pasting Scrap Book," which he had invented in 1872, patented in 1873, and evidently began marketing in 1877, through his *Quaker City* friend Dan Slote's New York blank book manufactory, Slote, Woodman and Company. In the spring of 1878 he published *Punch, Brothers, Punch! and Other Sketches,* a small selection of old work, through Slote's firm, chiefly as a means of advertising the scrapbook. He also produced a steady stream of articles for the *Atlantic Monthly,* both unsigned pieces for the anonymous "Contributors' Club," and signed articles such as "A Literary Nightmare" (February 1876), "The Facts Concerning the Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut" (June 1876), and the four-part "Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion" (October 1877–January 1878). The "Rambling Notes" series was an account of Clemens's May 1877 trip to Bermuda "to get the world & the devil out of my head" (23 Apr 77 to Crane), in the company of his close friend Joseph H. Twichell, pastor of Hartford's Asylum Hill Congregational Church. Their happy experience together turned out to be a rehearsal for the lengthier jaunt the two men made together in 1878, part of the Clemens family's extended tour of Europe that year and the next.

The Clemenses had originally planned a European trip for April 1877, but early in the year Olivia decided to postpone it and in the spring Clemens made his Bermuda trip instead. Clemens's performance in December 1877 at the *Atlantic Monthly* birthday dinner for John Greenleaf Whittier may have given him, at least for a short time, a special impetus to revive the plan for a foreign retreat. His humorous speech containing irreverent allusions to Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was not well received, and Clemens was persuaded that he had given offense and embarrassed his presenter, William Dean Howells, as well as himself:

> I feel that my misfortune has injured me all over the country; therefore it will be best that I retire from before the public at present. . . . It seems as if I must have been insane when I wrote that speech & saw no harm in it, no disrespect toward those men whom I reverenced so much. And what shame I brought upon *you,* after what you said in introducing me! It burns me like fire to think of it. (23 Dec 77 to Howells)

His 27 December 1877 letter of apology to the three men provides ample testimony of the depth of his remorse. They assured Clemens that they had not taken offense, however, and by 5 February 1878 he had rebounded, writing his *Quaker City* mentor, Mary Mason Fairbanks:

> I am pretty dull in some things, & very likely the Atlantic speech was in ill taste; but that is the worst that can be said of it. I am sincerely sorry if it in any wise hurt those great poets' feelings—I never wanted to do that. But nobody has ever convinced me that that speech was not a good one——for me; above my average, considerably.

The true rationale for the European hegira, as Clemens explained, was literary and financial. On 17 February 1878 he wrote to his mother:

> Life has come to be a very serious matter with me. I have a badgered, harassed feeling, a good part of my time. It comes mainly of business responsibilities & annoyances, & the persecution of kindly letters from well-meaning strangers—to whom I must be rudely silent or else put in the biggest half of my time bothering over answers. There are other things, also, that help to consume my time & defeat my projects. Well, the consequence is, I cannot write a book at home. This cuts my income down. Therefore, I have about made up my mind to take my tribe & fly to some little corner of Europe & budge no more until I shall have completed one of the half dozen books that lie begun, up stairs.

The complaint about correspondence was a frequent one, and beginning in 1876 Clemens employed a secretary, Fanny C. Hesse, in an attempt to relieve the burden. A number of letters included here are in her hand. But, of course, since he had to dictate those and approve them before they were sent, the distraction persisted. On 9 March 1878 he wrote Mrs. Fairbanks that

> the only chance I get here to work is the 3 months we spend at the farm in the summer. A nine months' annual vacation is too burdensome. I want to find a German village where nobody knows my name or speaks any English, & shut myself up in a closet 2 miles from the hotel, & work every day without interruption until I shall have satisfied my consuming desire in that direction.

Clemens hoped to economize on living expenses by shutting down the Hartford house for two years and putting on furlough most of the staff that kept it running, leaving only "the coachman & family" to "stand guard at the stable, with the horses, & keep the conservatory blooming & the hanging flower-baskets flourishing in the balconies" (20 Mar 78 to Stoddard). And so, on 11 April 1878 the Clemens family, accompanied by

Rosina Hay, the children's German nursemaid, and Clara Spaulding, Olivia's friend since childhood, sailed for Hamburg aboard the SS *Holsatia.* They arrived on 25 April to begin a sojourn that lasted until 2 September 1879 and took them not just to Germany but also to Switzerland, Italy, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and England.

The unfinished manuscripts that Clemens took with him probably included, in addition to *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Prince and the Pauper,* "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," which he had worked on intermittently since 1868; a burlesque diary of Methuselah, begun in 1876 or 1877; a fictionalized biography of his hapless brother, Orion, which he had started and was "charmed" with in March 1877 (23? Mar 77 to Howells) and which Albert Bigelow Paine, his first biographer and literary executor, later entitled "The Autobiography of a Damned Fool"; and a novelization of his unsuccessful Simon Wheeler play, which he worked on in late 1877 and early 1878.

Clemens soon gave up the notion of continuing any of these. He decided instead to write a book along the lines of *The Innocents Abroad.* But the demands of travel and bouts of rheumatism were to prevent steady and coherent composition. After Twichell arrived to join the family party, at Clemens's expense, on 1 August 1878, he and Clemens began the five and a half weeks of companionable "tramping" through Germany and Switzerland that produced much of the matter of the book and suggested its title: *A Tramp Abroad.* Clemens filled his notebooks with observations, hoping to turn them into chapters of the book as they went, but difficulty in composition persisted. On 20 August 1878, he wrote to Francis E. Bliss, of the American Publishing Company:

> I find it is no sort of use to try to write while one is traveling. I am interrupted constantly—& most of the time I am too tired to write, anyway. Since Twichell has been with me I have invented a new & better plan for the book. Therefore I shall tear up a great deal of my present batch of MS. & start fresh. I shan't be able to go to work in earnest until we settle down in Munich in November. Up to this time all of my prophecies have failed—so I won't venture any more.

In Munich, though, he was stalled by the loss of his Swiss notebook, an occurrence that made him consider abandoning the travel book entirely. By late January 1879 he had recovered it, but the writing continued to come hard and acceptable manuscript did not accumulate rapidly. In the spring of the year he was only half finished, and by early July, with much remaining to do, he suspended work on the book pending his return home.

For the family, the travel experience was a mixed blessing. Although there was much to see and much to enjoy, some adjustments were difficult to make. Olivia Clemens complained, in letters to her Elmira family (not included here), of unpalatable food and uncomfortable accommodations. She was overwhelmed by the flattering and exhausting attention she and Clemens sometimes received, particularly in Paris, and grew increasingly homesick. In Germany, she studied the language, but with only indifferent success. Clemens also worked at it as time allowed, railing comically at its stubborn intricacy, but

finally gave up any serious attempt to master it. Only the children, six-year-old Susy and four-year-old Clara, took to it easily and were soon fluent.

Wherever the Clemenses went, Olivia and Clara Spaulding visited parks and galleries and other tourist sites. Olivia also shopped. While aspiring to frugality and pleading poverty, she relentlessly hunted out furniture, glassware, and decorative items for the Hartford house and gifts for her Elmira family. Clemens joined in the costly process, endorsing Olivia's purchases and adding some of his own, in particular a custom-made Swiss music box that alone cost $400. In just three months in Paris, he and Olivia spent $4,000. Their purchases eventually filled "12 trunks, and 22 freight packages" and, when the steamer SS *Gallia* reached New York on 2 September, cost Clemens "6 hours working them through the Custom-house formalities. . . . I was the last passenger to get away (8 o'clock P.M.,) but it was because one of my trunks didn't turn up for several hours. But I was lucky to get through at all, because the ship was loaded mainly with my freight" ("Mark Twain Home Again," New York *Times,* 3 Sept 79, 8; 4 Sept 79 to Slote). Clearly the trip abroad had proved to be no economy.

In Elmira and Hartford throughout the fall and winter of 1879, Clemens struggled to complete the manuscript of *A Tramp Abroad.* Finally, on 7 January 1880, he put an end to the "life-&-death battle with this infernal book . . . which required 2600 pages, of MS, & I have written nearer four thousand, first & last" (8 Jan 80 to Howells). He had still to endure the tribulations of the book's production and the futile attempt to schedule publication of the English edition so as to secure British copyright and forestall an unauthorized Canadian edition. But well before *Tramp* was published in mid-March 1880, Clemens was deep into work on one of his deferred manuscripts, informing his brother Orion on 26 February, "I am grinding away, now, with all my might, & with an interest which amounts to intemperance, at the 'Prince & the Pauper.'" In July there was a brief and happy distraction: the Clemenses' third daughter was born on the twenty-sixth of the month. Named Jane Lampton, for Clemens's mother, but always known as Jean, she weighed in, Clemens wrote William Dean Howells that day, at "about 7 pounds. That is a pretty big one—for us." On 17 August, in a lightly canceled passage he intended to be read in a letter to Howells's wife, Elinor, Clemens facetiously compared Jean to "an orange that is a little mildewed in spots." Baby notwithstanding, he finished drafting *The Prince and the Pauper* on 14 September 1880. By mid-November 1880 he was planning to resume work on *Huckleberry Finn,* which, he predicted inaccurately, could be finished with only "two or three months' work" (14? Nov 80 to Moffett). In fact, he did not complete that manuscript until 1883.

Even while grinding out literature, Clemens continued to be one of the most visible and talked about American celebrities. "I cannot abide those newspaper references to me & my matters," he complained to his brother, Orion, in a letter of 9 February 1879. "I think that one reason why I have ceased to write to friends & relatives is that I can't trust them." He did have grounds for complaint: in January 1878 the New York *Sun* printed two bogus interviews alleging that he had become editor of the Hartford *Courant* and that he planned to run for governor of Connecticut ("Mark Twain's Enterprise," 7 Jan 78, 2; "Not Quite An Editor," 26 Jan 78, 2), and in February 1880, it was rumored that he would be a candidate for Congress. But of course he never ceased his correspondence, writing regularly to family members and to fellow writers such as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Howells, Moncure Conway, William Wright (Dan De Quille), and Bayard Taylor, and to other prominent figures such as Boston publisher James R. Osgood, *Harper's Weekly* and *Monthly* editor William A. Seaver, and actor Edwin Booth. He also did not hesitate to put himself directly in the public eye with letters to editors, which included his 22 July 1876 complaint about the postal service to the New York *Evening Post;* his 14 and 16 February and 22 February 1877 letters to the New York *World* about the malfeasance of New York Shipping Commissioner Charles C. Duncan, an old adversary from the *Quaker City* excursion; his 19 September 1877 letter to the Hartford *Courant* in aid of a stranded vessel; his 2 February 1879 letter to the *Courant* about the threat to public safety posed by tramps; his 22 November and 8 December 1879 letters to the same paper with further postal service complaints; and his 30 November 1880 letter to *Childhood's Appeal* magazine, agitating for a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fathers" afflicted with crying babies. Moreover, although he had formally retired as a paid lecturer in 1874 and, as evidenced by two letters included here, was still retired in 1880 (printed card, January 1880; 20 Apr 80 to the Press Club of Chicago), he did not shrink from public performance, but appeared regularly as an after-dinner speaker and for charitable causes. Moreover, he was willing to end, or at least interrupt, his self-imposed retirement under the proper circumstances. So in a letter of 12 November 1877 to noted political cartoonist Thomas Nast he proposed a joint lecture tour that he confidently predicted would pack houses and gross a hundred thousand dollars without subjecting him to the "heart-breakingly dreary" grind of solitary travel.

Although the tour with Nast was not arranged, Clemens otherwise stepped forward politically more overtly during this period than ever before. He declared himself for Rutherford B. Hayes in the presidential election of 1876, making a speech on civil service reform at a Hayes rally in Hartford on 30 September 1876, and then, four years later, endorsed James A. Garfield. But he achieved a special prominence in the political sphere in Chicago in the early hours of 14 November 1879. At the thirteenth reunion of the Civil War veterans of the Army of the Tennessee, before a tumultuous crowd, his humorous celebration of Ulysses S. Grant, in response to the toast "The Babies," brought down the

house, Grant himself included. His accounts of the event, in his letters of 14 November 1879 to Olivia and 17 November 1879 to Howells, still convey all the drama and exhilaration of the moment. Clemens himself was quick to realize how that success had enhanced his already larger-than-life image. "I can't afford to attend any but the very biggest kind of blow-outs," he wrote his friend Frank Fuller on 18 November 1879, "neither can I afford to *miss* the biggest kind of blow-outs." One such event came on 3 December 1879, when he attended the *Atlantic Monthly* breakfast in Boston for Oliver Wendell Holmes, making any amends left to make for his 1877 Whittier dinner blunder with a gracious tribute to Holmes in a speech on "Unconscious Plagiarism." Another occurred on 16 October 1880 when he spoke welcoming Grant to Hartford during the campaign for Garfield.

Through it all—the "infernal" books, the family matters, the travel, the business affairs, the public appearances, and the public attention good and bad—Clemens's vocation and avocation was his writing. As he told Norwegian novelist Hjalmar H. Boyesen in a letter of 23 April 1880:

> I can't see how a man who can write can ever reconcile himself to busying himself with anything else. There is a fascination about writing even for my waste-basket, which is bread & meat & almost whisky to me—& I know it is the same with all our craft. We shall find more joy in writing—be the pay what it may—than in serving the world in ways of *its* choosing for uncountable coupons.

Some of the best of that compelled, and always compelling, writing is preserved in the letters published here.

Editorial Signs

The editorial conventions used to transcribe Mark Twain's letters were designed, in part, to enable anyone to read them without having to memorize a list. The following is therefore offered less as a necessary preliminary than as a convenient way to look up the meaning of any convention which, despite this design, fails to be self-explanatory. Those seeking a more discursive explanation of editorial principles are urged to consult the Guide to Editorial Practice included in the print volume *Mark Twain's Letters, Volume 6,* pp. 697–724. While the editorial practice of the print edition of *Mark Twain's Letters* has been adapted slightly for this electronic edition, the guiding principles are largely the same.

Editorial Heading

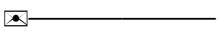
From . . .	Clemens is named in the heading only when he wrote jointly with someone else.
. . . with a note to . . .	Used when two persons are addressed in the same letter, but Clemens intended the second to read *only* the briefer part, or the "note."
per . . .	Precedes the name or identity of the amanuensis or agent who inscribed the document sent or received.
2? May	Written on this day—give or take a day.
1–3 May	Written on any day (or days) within this span.
1 and 2 May	Written on both days.
(MS)	The source document is the original letter (or a photocopy of it), almost invariably Clemens's holograph manuscript.
(damage emended)	The source document has sustained significant damage, and the transcription therefore includes, without brackets, emendation to restore the affected text.
(MS, copy)	The source document is a copy made by the author in his own hand.
(MS, draft)	The source document is a draft that the author wrote but retained for himself, sending (or not) a fair copy of the original.

(MS facsimile)	The source document is a photographic facsimile of an MS whose present location is unknown, and which therefore may no longer be extant.
(MS of inscription in . . .)	The source document is Clemens's inscription in a book or on a carte-de-visite.
(Paraphrase)	The source document is a description of the letter, but contains no actual words from the letter itself.
(TS)	The source document is a transcription that has been typed, or typeset and printed (such as a book, newspaper clipping, or auction catalog), not necessarily made at first hand.
(Transcript)	The source document is a handwritten transcription, not necessarily made at first hand.
(Paraphrase and TS)	The source document is a description of the letter and preserves some of the *words* of the original letter, but is manifestly not a deliberate transcription of it.
CU-MARK	The source code gives the location of the source document. Institutions are identified by an alphanumeric code (such as CU-MARK), private collectors are identified by a last name, auction catalogs are described by dealer and date of sale, and published sources are given with pertinent bibliographic information. A key to the institutional source codes may be found at the end of this volume.

Letter Text

NEW YORK	Extra-small small capitals with no initial capitals signify typeset, printed text, such as letterhead or the postmark.
SLC	Italicized extra-small small capitals transcribe monograms or initials printed or embossed on personal stationery.

blue text	Blue text signifies a change from one writer to another. It is most often used in letters written by Clemens to identify text originated by someone else. But in letters written by an amanuensis (designated in the letter heading), it is used to indicate Clemens's own inscription, usually a signature, and sometimes a postscript as well. Blue is not used for printed text, which is already distinguished by extra-small small capitals.
. . . .	Editorial ellipsis points (always centered in an otherwise blank line) signify that an unknown amount of the original letter is judged to be missing.
~~a~~ ~~two~~ ~~cance~~ deletions,	Cancellation is signified by slashes for single characters (and underscores), rules for two or more characters.
mark i ng it ^up^	Insertion is signified by a single caret for single characters, two carets for two or more characters.
a^ny^ ~~n~~	Cancellations and insertions are almost always given in the order in which they most likely occurred—that is, cancellation followed by insertion. In rare cases, as in the example shown here, they are given in reverse order to increase legibility.
[*editorial remarks*]	Editorial remarks are always represented as italic text within brackets. Text modified by editorial description may also be enclosed in brackets: [*in margin:* All's well].
⟦ ⟧	Author's brackets (as opposed to editorial brackets) are used in letter texts from all sources.
[“]When [I] go[.]	Superscript and subscript brackets enclose essential words or characters inadvertently omitted by the writer and now interpolated by the editors.
◇iamond	The diamond stands for a character, numeral, or punctuation mark the editors cannot read because it is physically obscured or obliterated. It *never* stands for the space between words.

Sam$^{\ell}$.	Superscript ell is a special character to prevent confusion between one (^{1}) and ell (^{l}). The sign ~ transcribes a paraph or flourish.
	The envelope and full-measure rule signal that everything transcribed below them was written, stamped, or printed on the envelope or on the letter itself at the time of transmission or receipt. Blue is never used to indicate changes of handwriting in text transcribed below this sign. It is assumed that all writing added to the envelope or letter after transmission—such as a docket—is not in Clemens's hand. Other changes in handwriting are noted with an editorial comment.
Hartford | Conn.	The vertical rule signifies the end of a line in the source document.

Authorial Signs

Authorial signs have been translated into their typographical equivalents in nearly all texts. (Only when a manuscript was manifestly intended for a printer or typesetter have the author's markings been retained just as they appear.) Authorial signs present two related but distinct problems for successful transcription: (a) how to explicate those signs whose authorial meaning differed from the modern meaning, but can still be recovered, at least in part; and (b) how to represent authorial signs whose earlier typographical equivalent, if any, remains unknown—at least to the editors. The glossary of Special Sorts and table of Emphasis Equivalents which follow here are intended to solve these problems—to alert the reader to those changes in meaning which we can identify, and to describe the handwritten forms for which the typographical forms are taken to be equivalent—or, in a few cases, for which they have been *made* equivalent because we lack a better alternative.

Special Sorts

asterisks * * *

Always called "stars" by Clemens and by printers generally, asterisks appear in his manuscript as simple "Xs" or crosses (✗), or in a somewhat more elaborate variant of the cross (✳), often when used singly. In letters (and elsewhere) Clemens used the asterisk as a standard reference mark, either to signal his occasional footnotes, or to refer the reader from one part of a text to another part. (The conventional order of the standard reference marks was as follows: *, †, ‡, §, ||, ¶, and, by the end of the century, ☞.) He also used asterisks for a kind of ellipsis that was then standard and is still recognizable, but now virtually obsolete—the "line of stars"—in which evenly spaced asterisks occupy a line by themselves to indicate a major omission of text, or—for Clemens, at any rate—the passage of time not otherwise represented in a narrative. For the standard ellipsis, we duplicate the number of asterisks in the source, thus: * * * * (see also *ellipsis*, below). In transcribing the line of stars, however, the exact number of asterisks in the original becomes irrelevant, since the device is intended to fill the line, which is rarely the same length in the manuscript as it is in the transcription. The line of stars in the original is thus always transcribed by seven asterisks, evenly separated, thus:

* * * * * * *

braces }

Clemens drew the brace as a wavy vertical line that did not much resemble the brace in type, except that it clearly grouped two or three lines of text together. He drew braces intended for three or more lines as straight (nonwavy) lines with squared corners, like a large bracket, usually in the margin. He occasionally used the two- and three-line braces in pairs, vertically and horizontally, to box or partly enclose one or more words, often on a single line. The one-line brace ({}) was evidently not known to him, and would probably have seemed a contradiction in terms. It appears to be a modern invention, but has sometimes proved useful in the transcription when the original lineation could not be reproduced or readily simulated. Otherwise, the transcription always prints a brace and preserves, or at least simulates, the original lineation.

dashes – —
—— ———
= ═

Clemens used the dash in all four of its most common typographical forms (en, em, two-em, and three-em), as well as a parallel dash, usually but not invariably shorter than an em dash. The parallel dash appears to be used interchangeably with the much more frequently used em dash, but almost always at the end of a line (often a short line, such as the greeting). Its special meaning, if any, remains unknown. Clemens occasionally used dashes visibly longer than his em dash, presumably to indicate a longer pause: these are transcribed as two-, three-, or (more)-em dashes, by relying on the length of em dashes in the manuscript as the basic unit. That Clemens thought in terms of ems at all is suggested by his occasional sign for a dash that he has interlined as a correction or revision (|—|), which was then the standard proofreader's mark for an em dash. Clemens used the dash as *terminal* punctuation only to indicate abrupt cessation or suspension, almost never combining it with a terminal period. Exceptions do occur, but most departures from this rule are only apparent or inadvertent. For instance, Clemens frequently used period and dash together in the standard typographical method for connecting sideheads with their proper text ('P.S.—They have'), a recognized decorative use of period-dash that does not indicate a pause. The em, two-em and, more rarely, the en and the parallel dash were also used for various kinds of ellipsis: contraction ('d—n'); suspension ('Wash='); and ellipsis of a full word or more ('until—.'). Despite some appearance to the contrary, terminal punctuation here again consists solely in the period. On the other hand, Clemens often did use the period and dash combined when the sentence period fell at the end of a slightly short line in his manuscript ("period.— | New line"), a practice derived from the typographical practice of justifying short lines with an

em dash. These dashes likewise do not indicate a pause and, because their function at line ends cannot be reproduced in the transcription, are always emended, never transcribed. Clemens used en dashes in their familiar role with numerals to signify "through" ('Matt. xxv, 44–45'). And he used the em dash—as well as dashes of varying lengths and thicknesses— in lists, to signify "ditto" or "the same" for the name or word above, and in tables to express a blank. See also *ellipsis* and *rules*, below.

ellipsis - - - - -
. . . . . * * * *
– – – – – – – –
— — — —

Nineteenth-century typography recognized a large variety of ellipses (or leaders, depending on the use to which the device was being put). Clemens himself demonstrably used hyphens, periods, asterisks, en dashes, and em dashes to form ellipses or leaders, in his letters and literary manuscripts. The ellipsis using a dash of an em or more is also called a "blank" and may stand for characters ('Mr. C—'s bones') or a full word left unexpressed. In the second case, the dash is always separated by normal word space from the next word on *both* sides ('by — Reilly'), thereby distinguishing it from the dash used as punctuation ('now— Next'), which is closed up with the word on at least one side, and usually on both ('evening—or'). When any of these marks are used as leaders, the transcription does not necessarily duplicate the number in the manuscript, using instead only what is needed to connect the two elements linked by the leaders. But for any kind of ellipsis except the "line of stars" (see *asterisks*), the transcription duplicates exactly the number of characters used in the original.

fist ☞

☜

Clemens used the "fist," as it was called by printers (also "hand," "index," "index-mark," "mutton-fist," and doubtless other names), not as the seventh of the standard reference marks, but for its much commoner purpose of calling special attention to some point in a text. As late as 1871 the *American Encyclopaedia of Printing* characterized the device as used "chiefly in handbills, posters, direction placards, and in newspaper work,"[1] but Clemens used it often his letters. We transcribe it by a standard typographical device, either right- or left-pointing, as appropriate, except in special circumstances.

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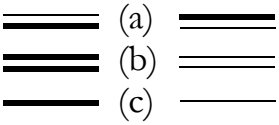
[1] *American Encyclopaedia of Printing*, edited by J. Luther Ringwalt (Philadelphia: Menamim and Ringwalt, J. B. Lippincott and Co., 1871), 217.

paragraph ¶

The paragraph sign is both a mark of emphasis and the sixth of the reference marks. It is actually "P" reversed (left for right, and white for black) to distinguish it from that character. Clemens, however, commonly miswrote it as a "P," drawing the hollow stem with large, flat feet, but not the left/right or white/black reversal in the loop. Whenever the sign is used in a letter, we transcribe it by the standard typographical device. Clemens used the paragraph sign as a reference mark and as shorthand for the word "paragraph," but most commonly in letters to indicate a change of subject within a passage, one of its original meanings. When he inserted the paragraph sign in text intended for a typesetter, he was doubtless specifying paragraph indention. But when he used it in a letter, he was usually invoking that original meaning. The transcription always prints the sign itself, even when it was inserted (¶̂) or was manifestly an instruction to a typesetter.

rules



Double rules (a), *parallel rules* (b), and *plain rules* (c), or rule dashes, in manuscript are usually, but not invariably, centered on a line by themselves, serving to separate sections of the text. When used within a line of text, they are positioned like an ordinary em dash and may serve as a common form of ellipsis, or to mean "ditto," or simply to fill blank space in a line. This last function may be compared with the original purpose of the eighteenth-century flourish, namely to prevent forged additions in otherwise blank space. But as with the flourish, this function had in Clemens's day long since dissolved into a mainly decorative one. Rules appear in Clemens's manuscript in three distinguishable species, each with two variant forms. We construe wavy lines in manuscript as "thick" rules, and straight lines as "thin" rules, regularizing length as necessary. (a) *Double rules* appear in manuscript as two parallel lines, one wavy and the other straight, in either order. (b) *Parallel rules* appear in manuscript as two parallel lines, either both wavy or both straight (thick or thin). (c) *Plain rules* appear as single lines, either wavy or straight (thick or thin).

Emphasis Equivalents

Clemens used the standard nineteenth-century system of underscoring to indicate emphasis, both within and between words. He indubitably understood the equivalents in type for the various kinds of underscore, but even if he had not, they could probably be relied on for the transcription of his underscored words, simply because the

handwritten and the typographical systems were mutually translatable. Although we may not understand this system as well as Clemens apparently did, it is still clear that he used it habitually and consistently, and that anomalies are much more likely to result from our, rather than his, ignorance or error.

Occasionally Clemens used what appear to be two variations of a single underscore—a broken underscore (*not* prompted by descenders from the underscored word) and a wavy underscore (more distinctly wavy than normally occurs with any hand-drawn line). If these are in fact variations of a single underscore, they evidently indicate a more deliberate, or a slightly greater, emphasis than single underscore would imply. They have been transcribed in *letterspaced italic* and **boldface type**, respectively, even though we do not know what, if any, typographical equivalent existed for them (both are marked * in the table that follows). Clemens occasionally used letterspacing, with or without hyphens, as an a-l-t-e-r-n-a-t-i-v-e to italic, but he seems not to have combined it with italic; the editorial combination of letterspaced italic therefore always signifies broken underscore. Wavy underscore in manuscript prepared for a printer did mean boldface, or some other fullface type, at least by 1900, but it is not clear for how long this convention had been in place. And in any case, boldface would now ordinarily be used for a level of emphasis higher than CAPITALS or *ITALIC CAPITALS*. The use of boldface type to represent wavy underscore is therefore an editorial convention that may not reflect the emphasis equivalent that the author intended.

Clemens also sometimes emphasized capital letters and numerals in ways that appear to exceed the normal limits of the typographical system as we know it. For instance, when in manuscript the pronoun 'I' has been underscored twice, and is not part of an underscored phrase, we do not know what typographical equivalent, if any, existed for it. Since the intention is clearly to give greater emphasis than single underscore, rendering the word in small capitals (ɪ) would probably be a mistake, for that would indicate *less* emphasis than the absence of any underscore at all (I). In such cases (also marked * in the table), we extend the fundamental logic of the underscoring system and simulate one underscore for each manuscript underscore that exceeds the highest known typographical convention. 'I' in manuscript is therefore transcribed as an italic capital with one underscore (*I*). Otherwise, underscores in the original documents are simulated only (a) when Clemens included in his letter something he intended to have set in type, in which case his instructions to the typesetter must be reproduced, not construed, if they are to be intelligibly transcribed; and (b) when he deleted his underscore, in which case the transcription simulates it by using the standard manuscript convention for deleting an underscore.

One virtue of the system of equivalents is that it allows the transcription to encode exactly how the manuscript was marked without resorting to simulation—that is, using a visual representation of the original. There are, however, some ambiguities in thus

reversing the code: for example, a word inscribed initially as 'Knight' or 'knight' and then underscored three times would in either case appear in type as 'KNIGHT'. Clemens also sometimes used block or noncursive capitals or small capitals, simulating 'KNIGHT' or 'KNIGHT', rather than signaling them with underscores. Ambiguities of this kind do not affect the final form of the text.

MANUSCRIPT	TYPE
lowercase	roman lowercase
Capitals and Lowercase	Roman Capitals and Lowercase
lowercase	*italic lowercase*
Capitals and Lowercase	*Capitals and Lowercase*
*Capitals and Lowercase	**Italic Letterspaced*
*Capitals and Lowercase	***Boldface Capitals and Lowercase**
lowercase	ROMAN SMALL CAPITALS
Capitals and Lowercase	ROMAN CAPITALS AND SMALL CAPITALS
CAPITALS or lowercase	ROMAN CAPITALS
CAPITALS or lowercase	*ITALIC CAPITALS*
*CAPITALS	**ITALIC CAPITALS*
*1, 2, 3, 4, 5	**1*, *2*, *3*, *4*, *5*

Emendation Policy

We emend original documents as little as possible, and nonoriginal documents as much as necessary, but we emend both kinds of copy-text for two fundamental reasons: to avoid including an error, ambiguity, or puzzle that (a) is *not in* the original, or (b) *is* in the original, but cannot be intelligibly transcribed without altering, correcting, resolving, or simplifying it. Although all emendations were recorded in the course of preparing this edition, this record of emendation is not presently available to readers. Therefore any emendation that would normally be listed in a textual commentary (as in our printed volumes) is of necessity "silent" here—in effect, unreported. Nevertheless, nearly all of the emendations that have been applied can be categorized according to the general guidelines described below. Any emendation that is not covered by these categories, or is otherwise exceptional, is noted in a bracketed editorial comment in the text itself. Readers seeking more detailed discussion of our emendation policy should consult *Mark Twain's Letters, Volume 6,* pp. 715–22.

Manuscript Sources

The most common category of emendation of the author's manuscript comprises standardization of certain typographical and formatting features. These alterations are usually carried out silently even in our printed volumes. First, special typographical treatment has been applied to identify all preprinted text (such as letterhead and return addresses) and envelopes. A key to these can be found above. Second, normal paragraph indention is represented as two ems, with variations of one em and three ems often occurring in the same letter; we silently eliminate minor, presumably unintended variation in the size of all indentions. Third, we place datelines, complimentary closings, and signatures in a default position, unless this position is contradicted by the manuscript—for example, when the closing and signature appear on the same line despite the existence of sufficient space to allow placement on separate lines. Finally, line endings, page endings, and page numbers are all silently omitted from the transcription.

Some few authorial errors of omission may be corrected by emendation in the form of interpolation—that is, by supplying an omitted character, word, or words within subscript or superscript editorial square brackets, 'thu$_{[s]}$' or ' "thus$^{["]}$ '—but only when the editor is confident that the writer has inadvertently omitted what is thus supplied. Other errors made by the writer—such as 'anvalid' written mistakenly for 'invalid' or 'with' for 'will'—are not emended.

Certain additional emendations, of the type traditionally reported in the textual commentaries of our printed volumes, have been applied to manuscript sources:

- Clemens's characteristic period-dash combination at the end of a manuscript line has been removed, as a classic example of something that would become an error if literally transcribed. There are several possible reasons why Clemens may have used this end-line dash, but we are certain he never intended it to be construed as punctuation, the unavoidable result if the typesetter or the reader does not recognize the convention and reads it as a pause.

- The author's self-corrections (e.g., corrected miswritings) are removed to avoid the false implication of revision.

- Emendation is used to resolve compound words that are hyphenated at the ends of lines ('water-|wheel'). Since such division cannot be literally duplicated, the transcription must include an unambiguous (emended) form ('waterwheel' *or* 'water-wheel').

- Damaged texts are emended to restore words that were present in the original letter, but which are now missing or illegible. If a damaged text has been emended, the words "damage emended" appear in the source line of the editorial header.

Nonoriginal Sources

When the source of a text is nonoriginal, such as a newspaper printing or other transcription, it is often not possible to determine with certainty the contents or style of the original manuscript. All possible evidence is considered to determine the most likely form of the manuscript; when such evidence is deemed insufficient, the source has been followed without emendation.

- Errors introduced by a typesetter, and other errors clearly attributable to the nonoriginal source and not to the author, have been emended "silently," without the use of editorial brackets.

- Clemens as a rule did not use typographical styling in private letters. Special typographical treatment is therefore removed from nonoriginal sources of private letters, to restore the likely form of the original. Clemens did, however, occasionally add such typographical styling to letters intended for publication (primarily letters addressed to newspapers). In these cases, styling such as capitals and small capitals or italic type applied to datelines and salutations, as well as to elements within the body of the text—such as a smaller font for extracts—have been retained without alteration, since they may reflect the markings on Clemens's lost manuscript. At the same time, Clemens's styled signature has always been emended to capitals and lowercase, the form he invariably used, even in letters intended for publication.

- By 1867 Clemens consistently wrote '&' for 'and' in his letters—except where the word needed to be capitalized, or the occasion was somewhat more formal than usual. It follows that in printed versions of Clemens's text, 'and' is a form imposed by the typesetter, and we therefore emend the word to '&' to reflect Clemens's habits. In some instances, a letter may include material not written by Clemens himself, but which he incorporated into it. (This occurs most often in letters written for publication for which a newspaper remains the only source.) In the absence of the original manuscript, we cannot tell whether Clemens actually copied out the incorporated text (using his typical '&'), or whether he simply pasted a clipped version of it into his own manuscript. In these passages we have therefore chosen to follow the typeset source, and not emend 'and' to '&.' We have also not emended 'and' in cases where the source document is a paraphrase and/or partial transcript of a catalog listing, in which case we transcribe the catalog entry exactly as it appears.

- Special treatment has been given to 'radiating texts'—i.e., texts for which multiple transcriptions descend independently from a common source—not necessarily the lost original itself, but a single document nearer to the original than any other document in the line of descent from it. Since each transcription might preserve readings from the original which are not preserved in the other, these cannot be properly excluded from any text that attempts the fullest possible fidelity to the original. In such cases, all texts judged to have derived independently from the lost original are identified in the source line, and the text incorporates the most persuasively authorial readings from among all variants, substantive and accidental. Before this alternative method is followed, however, we require that the independence of the variant texts be demonstrated by at least one persuasively authorial variant occurring uniquely in each, thereby excluding the possibility that either text actually derives from the other.

About This Edition

This edition of letters is the first electronic edition produced by the Mark Twain Project in The Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley, which has heretofore been devoted to producing printed editions of Mark Twain's writings. This edition was produced under the editorial management of Anh Q. Bui of the Mark Twain Project. Transcriptions of the letters were created by numerous undergraduate and graduate students. The editors who reviewed and corrected the transcriptions, verified the letter dates and correspondents, and wrote the introduction were Anh Q. Bui, Harriet Elinor Smith, Michael B. Frank, and Robert H. Hirst. (Hirst is also General Editor of the Project.) The transcriptions were produced in Corel WordPerfect 8, using the Garamond font family. Adobe Acrobat Distiller 5.0 was used to create the PDF files.

Acknowledgments

This electronic edition could not have been produced without the support of the National Endowment for the Humanities, an independent federal agency, which has continuously funded editorial work on Mark Twain's writings since 1966. Support for the project has also come from the generous donations of many individuals and foundations. Additional thanks go to our colleagues and associates at ebrary, the University of California Press, The Bancroft Library, and the Undergraduate Research Apprentice Program at UC Berkeley. To the small army of students who have tirelessly worked on this project over the years, we owe a special debt of gratitude.

1879

To Unidentified
January 1879 • Munich, Germany
(Paraphrase and TS: Goodspeed's catalog,
no. 250, item 99, #10341)

99. CLEMENS, (SAMUEL L.). *Autograph letter signed,* 6 pages, Munich, 1879. $25.00

A long, newsy letter, written while he was working on *A Tramp Abroad* (published Hartford, 1880), mentions the book—"*I have no leisure whatever for study—a big octavo requires a long pull and an almighty steady one*"—longs for the New England weather—"*I ache for a good honest all day, all night snowstorm, with a wind-up gale of 150 miles an hour and 35 degrees below zero. That is the only kind of weather that is fit and right for January.*"

Olivia L. Clemens and Samuel L. Clemens
to Olivia Lewis Langdon
19 January 1879 • Munich, Germany

(MS: CtHMTH and CU-MARK, #01621)

Munich Jan 19th 1879

Mother dear

It is evening and I am just begining my letter to you—once or twice I have seated myself to write—but I have felt rather dull today and then too I have been so interested in finishing ["]The Initials" that I could scarcely spare time ^to^ write—

I do so want to see you all—last night Clara Bay had a little stomach ache and worried some in the night—I at once began to feel apprehensive and to realize how far away from you all we are—however the time is flying and ^if^ we all keep well and ^live^ the time will soon come for us to go to you—oh how I do hope you will all keep well— I have times of feeling so apprehensive particularly about you and Sue—

I am ^sure^ the check that Charlie sent for you was forty five (45.) pounds— I wish he would look when the check arrives if there is any for ~~fourty~~ forty ^or forty^ five pounds it is that one because all that he sent to me are for ten or fifty pounds— I bought the other day for you, two ~~wooden~~ oil paintings on wood (coppies)—they are a speciality of Munich and I think them exceedingly pretty one of them is a monk somewhat like the one that you gave Clara for Christmas—the other is a copy of a picture of one of their best artists and since we have had it ^it^ in our room, every one who has been in ~~since~~ has exclaimed about it—the two together cost about twenty two darllars & so I thought that might come from the five pounds that you ought not to have sent.

Clara could not think of anything to write today so I told her to write about our auction experience she did so, so I will refer you to her letter to hear about it instead of writing myself about it— I intended to go the next morning when fine laces were to be sold, but I decided that as I had no money to put into them, and I might be tempted and ~~by~~ buy a piece I better stay away—

We are feeling very poverty stricken just now we have spent so much in Italy— I don't know as we have done right, but it is such a temptation when

things seem so reasonable and you get such a good premium on your ~~mon~~ letter of credit Venice was the place where we spent the most money on the furniture that I wrote you about— Charlie writes that the coal business is so bad—and it does cost so much to travel, but now we are living very economically much more so than we could do at home—

Fräulein Dahlweiner is so good to us all—yesterday she sent down a game to the children— Yesterday Susie had some flour and made bread which Rosa baked in the stove and sent up to Fräulein Dahlweiner—

I am so glad to get your letters, you must not tax yourself but write when it is not a tax— We do love you Mother dear— Mr Clemens got interupted with his letter, but I send it as he l/eft it— I am afraid my ~~dim~~ photograp|h|s for you and the rest have not reached you— I ment them to get there for Christmas— Love to Charlie, Ida, Sue |and| the others—all—

yours

Livy L. Clemens—

[*enclosure, in pencil:*]

Jan. 19.

Well, Mother dear, things go on just as usual, so there is nothing important to report. I have written 900 pages of manuscript on my book, therefore it is half-done; Livy & Clara have learned half of the German language together, so they are half done; the children have learned how to speak German, drink beer, & break the Sabbath like the natives, so *they* are half done. We are all a half-way lot, like the rest of the world, but we are progressing toward the great goal, Completion, Perfection,—which has also another name, the Unattainable. We have been here 9 weeks, & according to Livy's plans we remain 9 weeks longer; if it were a perfectly reputable place, as to health, I would like to stay here 6 months longer, for it is very pleasant here,—even the dirt, now that we are used to it & don't mind seeing it caked around. It is the greatest country for ~~the~~ Art & dirt in the world; they have all kinds of Art & all kinds of dirt; there is more dirt than ~~At~~ Art, of course, because the dirt has had the longer start & more people have devoted themselves to learning how to make it & make it right; but Art is coming along, Art is progressing here all the time; this very year there is to be a prodigious International Art Exhibition here which will astonish the world—& if they will follow it up with a dirt exhibition their fortune is made.

To William Dean Howells
21 January 1879 • Munich, Germany
(MS: NN-B, #02528)

Munich, Jan. 21.

My Dear Howells—

It's no use,—your letter miscarried in some way & is lost. The consul has made a thorough search & says he has not been able to trace it. It is unaccountable, for all the letters I did *not* want arrived without a single grateful failure. Well, I have read-up ~~as~~, now, as far as you have got,—that is, to where there's a storm at sea approaching,—& we three think you are clear out-Howellsing Howells. If your literature has not struck perfection now we are not able to see what is lacking. It is all such truth—truth to the life; everywhere your pen falls it leaves a photograph. I *did* imagine that everything had been said about life at sea that could be said,—but no matter, it was all a failure & lies, nothing but lies with a thin varnish of fact,—only *you* have stated it as it absolutely *is*. And only you see people & their ways & their insides & outsides as they *are,* & make them talk as they *do* talk. I think you are the very greatest artist in these tremendous mysteries that ever lived. There doesn't seem to be anything that can be concealed from your awful all-seeing eye. It must be a cheerful thing, for one, to live with you & be aware that you are going up & down in him like another conscience all the time. Possibly you will not be a fully accepted classic until you have been dead a hundred years,—it is the fate of the Shakspeares & ~~the~~ of all genuine prophets,—but *then* your books will be as common as Bibles, I believe. You ain't a weed, but an oak; you ain't a summer-house, but a cathedral. In that day *I* shall still be in the Cyclopedias, too,—thus: "Mark Twain; history & occupation unknown—but he was personally acquainted with Howells." There—I could sing your praises all day, & feel & believe every bit of it.

My book is half finished; I wish to heaven it was done. I have given up writing a detective novel—can't write a novel, for I lack the faculty; but when the detectives were nosing around after Stewart's loud remains, I threw a chapter into my present book in which I have very extravagantly burlesqued the detective business—if it *is* possible to burlesque that business extravagantly. You know I was going to send you that Detective play, so that you could re-write it. Well I didn't do it because I couldn't find a single idea in it

that could be useful to you. It was dreadfully witless & flat. I~~t~~ knew it would sadden you & unfit you for work.

I have always been sorry we ~~up~~ threw up that play embodying Orion which you began. It was a mistake to do that. Do keep that MS & tackle it again. It will work out all right, you will see. I don't believe that that character exists in literature in so well developed a condition as it exists in Orion's person. Now won't you put Orion in a *story?* Then he will go handsomely into a play afterwards. How deliciously you could paint him—it would make fascinating reading,—the sort that makes a reader laugh & cry at the same time, for Orion is as good & ~~as~~ ridiculous a soul as ever was.

We thought we were going to lose our little Clara yesterday, but the danger is gone, to-day, apparently.

Ah, to think of Bayard Taylor! It is too sad to talk about. I was so glad there was not a single sting & so many good praiseful words in the Atlantic's criticism of Deukalion.

Love to you all

Yrs Ever
Mark.

We remain here till middle of March.

To Joseph H. Twichell
23 January 1879 • Munich, Germany
(MS: CtY-BR, #01624)

Munich, Jan. 23.

Dear Joe—

I've got to write to Mr. Bliss & Frank through you, for I don't know their address. I have the idea that Frank said they might leave the publishing company during the summer.

I only want to say to them this: I am doing my very level best, but I don't want to attempt any more prophecies as to date of completion of the book. My prophecies seem to fail, every time. I work *every* day that some member of the family isn't sick[.] This does not give me a great deal of time, but I make the most of what I *do* get.

Very well, then,—as to items: I have torn up 400 pages of MS, but I've still got about 900 which need no tearing. They suit me very well. So the book is half finished. If anybody will tell me how long it will take me to write the other 900 in a way ~~s~~ which shall satisfy me, I shall be under many obligations to him. I know *one* thing,—*I* shall fool away ~~kn~~ no time—*I* want to get through.

I have found my lost Swiss note-book.

I shall make from 10 to 20 illustrations for my book with my own (almighty rude & crude) pencil, & shall say in the title page, that some of the pictures in the book are from original drawings by the author. I have already made two or three which suit me. It gives me the belly-ache to look at them.

When the MS is done, I shall ship it right along, without copying, & run the risk.

I can't venture to ship any of it yet, for I may want to alter the first part in several important particulars.

~~Love to you all, Joe.~~

That's all. Now as to *you* Joe, I'm going to write you presently.

We thought our youngest child was dying, three days ago, but she is doing pretty well, now.

Yrs Ever

Mark.

To Joseph H. Twichell
26 January 1879 • Munich, Germany

(TS, and transcript by Dana S. Ayer: Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain's Letters,* 1917, 1:347–51, and WU, #01577)

Munich, Jan 26 '79.

Dear old Joe:

Sunday. Your delicious letter arrived exactly at the right time. It was laid by my plate as I was finishing breakfast at 12 noon. Livy & Clara arrived from church 5 minutes later; I took a pipe & spread myself out on the sofa, & Livy sat by & read, & I warmed to that butcher the moment he began to swear. There is more than one way of praying, & I like the butcher's way because the petitioner is so apt to be in earnest. I was peculiarly alive to his performance just at this time, for another reason, to wit: Last night I awoke at 3 this morning, & after raging to myself for 2 interminable hours, I gave it up. I rose, assumed a catlike stealthiness, to keep from waking Livy, & proceeded to dress in the pitch dark. Slowly but surely I got on garment after garment—all down to one sock; I had one slipper on & the other in my hand. Well, on my hands & knees I crept softly around, pawing & feeling & scooping along the carpet, & among chair-legs for that missing sock; I kept that up;—& still kept it up & *kept* it up. At first I only said to myself, "Blame that sock," but that soon ceased to answer; my expletives grew steadily stronger & stronger,—& at last, when I found I was *lost,* I had to sit flat down on the floor & take hold of something to keep from lifting the roof off with the profane explosion that was trying to get out of me. I could see the dim blur of the window, but of course it was in the wrong place & could give me no information as to where I was. But I had one comfort—I had not waked Livy; I believed I could find that sock in silence if the night lasted long enough. So I started again & softly pawed all over the place, —& sure enough at the end of half an hour I laid my hand on the missing article. I rose joyfully up & butted the wash-bowl & pitcher off the stand & simply raised —— so to speak. Livy screamed, then said, "Who is that? what *is* the matter?" I said "There ain't anything the matter—I'm hunting for my sock." She said, "Are you hunting for it with a club?"

I went in the parlor & lit the lamp, & gradually the fury subsided & the ridiculous features of the thing began to suggest themselves. So I lay on the

sofa, with note-book & pencil, & transferred the adventure to our big room in the hotel at Heilbronn, & got it on paper a good deal to my satisfaction.

I've found the Swiss note-book some time ago. When it was first lost I was glad of it, for I was getting an idea that I had lost my faculty of writing sketches of travel; therefore the loss of that note-book would render the writing of this one simply impossible & let me gracefully out; I was about to write Bliss & propose some other book, when the confounded thing turned up, & down went my heart into my boots. But there was now no excuse. So I went solidly to work—tore up a great part of the MS written in Heidelberg,—wrote & tore up,—continued to write & tear up,—& at last, reward of patient & noble persistence, my pen got the old swing again!

Since then I'm glad Providence knew better what to do with the Swiss note-book than I did, for I like my work, now, exceedingly, & often turn out over 30 MS pages a day & then quit sorry that Heaven makes the days so short.

One of my discouragements had been the belief that my interest in this tour had been so slender that I couldn't gouge matter enough out of it to make a book. What a mistake. I've got 900 pages written (not a word in it about the sea voyage,) yet I stepped my foot out of Heidelberg for the first time yesterday,—& then only to take our party of four on our first pedestrian tour—to Heilbronn. I've got them dressed elaborately in walking costume—knapsacks, canteens, field-glasses, leather leggings, patent walking shoes, muslin folds around their hats, with long tails hanging down behind, sun umbrellas, &—*Alpenstocks.* They go all the way to Wimpfen by rail—thence to Heilbronn in a chance vegetable cart drawn by a donkey & a cow; I shall fetch them home on a raft; & if other people shall perceive that that was no pedestrian excursion, they *themselves* shall not be conscious of it. This trip will take 100 MS pages or more,—oh, goodness knows how many! for the mood is everything, not the material, & I already seem to see 300 pages rising before me on that trip. *Then* I propose to leave Heidelberg for good. Don't you see, the book (1800 MS pages,) may really be finished before I ever get to Switzerland?

But there's *one* thing I want you to tell Frank Bliss & his father to be charitable toward me in,—that is, let me tear up all the MS I want to, & give me time to write more. I shan't waste the time—I haven't the slightest desire to loaf, but a consuming desire to work, ever since I got back my old swing. And you see this book is either going to be compared with the Innocents

Abroad or *contrasted* with it to my disadvantage. I *think* I can make a book that will be no dead corpse of a thing & I mean to do my level best to accomplish that.

My crude plans are crystalizing. As the thing stands now, I went to Europe for *three* purposes. The first you *know,* & must keep secret, even from the Blisses; the second is to study *Art;* & the third to acquire a critical knowledge of the German language. My MS already shows that the two latter objects are accomplished. It shows that I am moving about as an Artist & a Philologist, & unaware that there is any immodesty in assuming these titles. Having three definite objects has had the effect of seeming to enlarge my domain & give me the freedom of a loose costume. It is three strings to my bow, too.

Well, your butcher is magnificent. He won't stay out of my mind. I keep trying to think of some way of getting your account of him into my book without his being offended—& yet confound him there isn't anything you have said which *he* would see any offense in,—I'm only thinking of his friends—*they* are the parties who busy themselves with seeing things for people. But I'm bound to have him in. I'm putting in the yarn about the Limburger cheese & the box of guns, too—mighty glad Howells declined it. It seems to gather richness & flavor with age. I have very nearly killed several companies with that narrative,—the American Artists' Club, here, for instance, & Smith & wife & Miss Griffith (they were here in this house a week or two.) I've got 3 other chapters that pretty nearly destroyed the same parties, too.

O, Switzerland! the further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it & the cheer of it & the glory & majesty & solemnity & pathos of it grow. Those mountains had a soul; they thought; they spoke,—one couldn't hear it with the ears of the body, but what a voice it was!—& how real. Deep down in my memory it is sounding yet. Alp calleth unto Alp!—that stately old Scriptural wording is the right one for God's Alps & God's ocean. How puny we were in that awful presence—& how painless it was to be so; how fitting & right it seemed, & how stingless was the sense of our unspeakable insignificance. And Lord how pervading were the repose & peace & blessedness that poured out of the heart of the invisible Great Spirit of the Mountains.

Now what *is* it? There are mountains & mountains & mountains in this world—but only these take you by the heart-strings. I wonder what the secret

of it is. Well, time & time again it has seemed to me that I *must* drop everything & flee to Switzerland once more. It is *longing*—a deep, strong, tugging *longing*—that is the word. We must go again, Joe. October days, let us get up at dawn & breakfast at the tower. I should like that first rate.

Livy & all of us send deluges of love to you & Harmony & all the children. I dreamed last night that I woke up in the library at home & your children were frolicing around me & Julia was sitting in my lap; you & Harmony & both families of Warners had finished their welcomes & were filing out through the conservatory door, wrecking Patrick's flower pots with their dress skirts as they went. Peace & plenty abide with you all!

Mark.

I want the Blisses to know their part of this letter, if possible. They will see that my delay was not from choice.

To William Dean Howells
30 January 1879 • Munich, Germany
(MS: MH-H, #01625)

1ª Karlsstrasse, 2ᵉ stock,
Munich, Jan. 30.

My Dear Howells—

It took a great burden off my heart this morning when your letter arrived ~~& said~~ & I found my 2 articles had not been lost *in transitu.* I was ~~to~~ going to write today & ask about them. Ordinarily I should trouble myself but little about the loss of 2 articles, for the loss could not rob me of the chief thing, i.e., the pleasure the writing them ^had^ afforded me,—but when a body is yoked down to the grinding out of a 600-page 8-vo. book, to lose a chapter is like losing a child. I was not at all sure that I should use both of those chapters in my book, but to *have them around,* in case of need, would give that added comfort which comes of having a life-preserver handy in a ship which *might* go down though nobody is expecting such a thing. But you speak so kindly of them that I shall probably venture to use them both. I have destroyed such lots of MS written for this book! And I suppose there are such lots left which ought to be destroyed. If it should be, it *shall* be,—that is certain. I have rung in that fragrant account of the Limberger cheese & the coffin-box full of guns. Had I better leave that out? Give me your plain, square advice, for I propose to follow it. The back of my big job is broken, now, for the book is rather more than half done; so from this out I can tear up MS without a pang.

You sent me 2 copies of the *first* slip of Pitcairn, but no copy of the remaining half of the article. However, I have mailed one first-slip to Chatto & Windus & asked them to send me one of their second-slips, in exchange.

I wish I *could* give those sharp satires on European life which you mention, but of course a man can't write successful satire except he be in a calm judicial good-humor—whereas I *hate* travel, & I *hate* hotels, & I *hate* the opera, & I *hate* the Old Masters—in truth I don't ever seem to be in a good enough humor with ANYthing to *satirize* ^it^; no, I want to stand up before it & *curse* it, & foam at the mouth,—or take a ~~club & beat it~~ club & pound it to rags & pulp. I have got in two or three chapters about Wagner's Operas, & managed to do it without showing temper—but the strain of another such effort would burst me. (Mind, whatever I say about the book is a *secret;*—my

publisher shall know little or nothing about the book till he gets the MS, for I can't trust his tongue—I am trusting *nobody* but you & Twichell. I like mighty well to tell my plans & swap opinions about them, but I don't like them to get around.) I have exposed the German language in two or three chapters, & have shown what I consider to be the needed improvements in it. I mean to describe a German newspaper, but not satirically—simply in a plain matter of fact way. I wrote the chapter satirically, but found that a plain statement was rather the better satire. In my book I allow it to appear,—casually & without stress,—that I am over here to make the tour of Europe *on foot.* I am in pedestrian costume, as a general thing, & *start* on pedestrian tours, but mount the first conveyance that offers, making but slight explanation or excuse, & endeavoring to seem unconscious that this is not legitimate pedestrianizing. My second object here is to become a German scholar; my third, to study Art, & learn to paint. I have a notion to put a few hideous pen & ink sketches of my own in my book, & explain their merits & defects in the technical language of art. But I shall not put many in—better artists shall do nineteen-twentieths of the illustrating. I have made a pedestrian trip up the Neckar to Heilbronn, with muslin-wound hat, leathern leggings, sun-umbrella, alpenstock, &c—*by rail,*—with my agent,—I employ an agent on a salary, & he does the real work when any is to be done, though I appropriate his emotions to myself & do his marvelling for him—& in yesterday's chapter we have started back to Heidelberg on a raft, & are having a good time. The raft is mine, since I have chartered it, & I shall pick up useful passengers here & there to tell me the legends of the ruined castles, & other things—perhaps the Captain who brought the news of the Pitcairn revolution. I have invented quite a nice little legend for Dilsberg Castle, & maybe that is the only one I *shall* invent—don't know.

I want to make a book which people will *read,*—& I shall make it profitable reading in spots—in spots merely *because* there's not much material for a larger amount. And as soon as it is off my hands I shall take up Wakeman & Heaven at once.

Confound that February number, I wish it would fetch along the Lady of the Aroostook, for we are pretty impatient to see her again. All right, tell me about the Pacific coast trip—I wish we were going with you.

So Aldrich is gone—but he won't go to Egypt if this plague continues to spread. I sent him a paragraph from a German paper the other day: Scientist discovered a Roman vessel ~~a~~ near Regensburg of a sort which has

long been supposed to have been used to burn fragrant herbs in during cremation of corpses, but there was no proof. He set this one on the stove ^one^ ~~to~~day, & presently it began to send out a sweet perfume—resumed its office after a vacation of 1500 years. Thought Aldrich could do a sonnet on it.

Write me here, to above address—for even if the plague drives us away, we shall see to it that our letters follow us all right this time.

With our loves to you & yours—

Yrs Ever

Mark.

We missed Mead in Florence—he arrived from ~~F~~ Paris right after we left, F. [*remainder in pencil:*]

over

^P. S. Are you in the new house?

Père Jacomo is here & has called twice, but I was out both times, Mrs. ^C was out once & lying down in undress uniform the other time & had to excuse herself. He has never come near us since. I have written to Venice to ask for his address (he didn't leave us any) & am hoping to get it.

Bay Clemens came within an ace of dying, last week—a mighty close shave. She is about well, now.

To the Editor of the Hartford *Courant*
2 February 1879 • Munich, Germany
(MS, draft: CU-MARK, #09111)

[*enclosure simulated, line by line*:]

> that an experiment is in progress, which the tramps evidently do not approve, it becomes the duty of all citizens to aid the local organization, which has been formed to systematize local charities. Giving at doors should be denied, and all tramps b irected to the police station, where, if they are weary and hungry, they can and will be properly cared for by conforming to the same rule of conduct which governs the average man who works for what he has and lives upon the fruit of his own labor.
>
> Yesterday morning four tramps out of fourteen who lodged in the station house the night previous, refused to work, and while two were allowed to depart because of physical inability, the others being able-bodied, were sent to jail for five and six months respectively. If there were a stone-yard at the jail it would add to the completeness of the present plan and contribute materially to driving out of Hartford the bumming crowd with which it has been infested; and work in a yard there ought not to be for two hours, but for a whole day. *That* would mean business. Courant Jan 11

Munich, Feb. 2.

To the Editor of the Courant:

In a delayed copy of the Courant which has just arrived, I find the ~~excellent~~ ^above, which affords the good^ news that Hartford has at last ceased to be the Tramp's heaven. It was time. You suggest that all citizens aid "the local organization which has been formed to systematize local charities." ~~If~~ You may mean that we should aid that organization by money contributions, & you many not,—but I enclose a small one at a venture: it can do no harm, if it does no good. You suggest that "giving at doors should be denied." There can be no question about the wisdom of that, for that is the true tramp

breeder; & now that you have stopped the ~~insane~~ inexcusable custom of lodging & feeding mendicants at the police station without an equivalent of work, the feeding them at private houses must be the <u>only</u> tramp-breeder which remains to you.

Any community which will ~~assis~~ allow tramps to be assisted by its citizens will be sure to have a plentiful harvest of tramps; even an inconsiderate alms-giving individual~~, in a~~ can have such a harvest, all to himself, in a ~~com~~ town where he is the only alms-giver. We have a curious proof of this fact here in Munich. You are aware that when our ingenious Massachu/setts nobleman, Count Rumford, ~~was~~ ^took^ high ~~in~~ office here under the Bavarian crown in the last quarter of the last century, he found Bavaria just what Hartford has been for years,—the Tramp's paradise. Bavaria swarmed with beggars. Count Rumford applied the same remedy which you have lately found so effectual: he provided work ~~suited to the feeblest, & to the strongest~~ for all comers, & then shut square down on all forms of begging. /X His system has remained in force here ever since. Therefore, for three-quarters of a century Bavaria has had the reputation of being the only country in Europe ~~which~~ uncursed by tramps. I have lived here two months & a half, now, & have walked a mile to my work & a mile back again, every day during that time, through a densely populated part of the city, yet I have never once been accosted by a beggar,—have never once seen a person who looked like a beggar. ~~I have~~ ^Meantime,^ I have been visited at my lodgings only twice~~;~~—by tramps,—one an American, the other a Frenchman. Now to show what a single unwise citizen is able to accomplish in the way of collecting tramps in a land where apparently ~~the~~ no tramps exist, I will remark that during this same two months & a half, Madame B., a most benevolent & kind hearted German friend of ours, has received calls from <u>over four hundred & fifty tramps!</u> ~~On every flat of the huge house which Madame~~ [*in bottom margin:* Run to page 8½.] Six tramps a day has been a ~~low~~ ^mild^ average in Hartford, possibly, but ~~mind~~ remember I am talking about a city ~~where visible mendicants are as rare as white crows.~~ ^where mendicants are a very rare sight to people who do not encourage their calls.^ On every flat of the huge house which Madame [*in bottom margin:* Run to page 9.] B. lives in, there are lodgers,—individuals, ~~cop~~ couples, families,—but the tramps ~~rin~~ never venture to ring anybody's bell but Madame B.'s. She gives them money, food, clothing, even advice. It is known that tramps post each other; I doubt if there is a tramp in this part of Europe who has not Madame B.'s address in his

memorandum book. You see what one Madame B. can do; very well, you probably have not less than 250 Ø Madame B.'s in Hartford. You have had, anyway. The police station was one, I was another, in a small & idiotic way, & I believe I could name the other 248. I retired from the tramp-breeding business two years ago,—after the self-same tramp, in four different disguises, had called on four successive days & borrowed money of me "to get to Springfield" with,—& now ~~you~~ the police station has retired. I ~~now~~ long to hear of the retirement of the other 248. When that day comes the tramps will as soon go to any other place beginning with H as Hartford. Meaning short-syllable places beginning with H.

I wish an experienced tramp would reform; & expose the means by which tramps acquire their ~~surprisingly~~ minute & accurate information about the inside affairs of families. I have in mind the French tramp whom I spoke of a while ago. A young American lady who is visiting us,—I will call her Miss Jones, though that is really not her name,—goes to Madame B. every day in the week, at a certain hour, to practice this awful/ language conversationally. Day before yesterday she concluded to stay at home & rest the lower part of her face. About an hour after breakfast, when I had just finished spelling out the 7½ lines of telegraphic news in the Munich paper, & had half finished finding out, from American journals a fortnight old, what had been happening in Europe about that time, ~~that~~ ^in marches this^ Frenchman ^~~appeared.~~ He was about 27, pretty ~~fairly~~ ^neatly^ dressed/, & had a new soft hat whose top was nattily pressed together & creased straight across, like Henry Clay's mouth. He asked for "Mees Jones," & Mees Jones & the rest of my tribe tried to make out what his errand might be. But no, all his odds & ends of German words only amounted to this/, after translation: "Mees Jones,—American young lady,—Madame B.,—she send me to Mees Jones,—Mees Jones go every day to Madame B., but not go to-day."

"Very well,—but what do you want? If Madame B. sent you, she must have given you a note,—she would have given you a note. Where is it?"

"I no understand German,—no speak it."

Then he mumbled the same stuff which he had mumbled before, with a French sentence or ~~so to indicated that he~~ ^so which signified that he^ very much needed money to enable him to get to Strasburg. Finally he produced a note, neatly written, in French, wherein some unknown person ^(possibly himself,)^ recommended him as ^a^ worthy & upright young fellow who wanted to get to Strasburg. Finally I interfered, & sent him away,—a thoughtless act,

for I ought to have conveyed him to Madame B. & afterwards to the authorities.

We asked Madame B. about the Frenchman next day. She said he had called there about half an hour before his visit to us. Asked for Miss Jones. Madame B. told him Miss Jones was now more than half an hour overdue, & doubtless was not coming?,—was he acquainted with her? No, he had never seen her, but his mother was an old schoolmate of Miss Jones's mother. Then he dropped comfortably into details,—~~the~~ he could do this, for he was using his native language. ~~About to this effect:~~ He said ~~"My~~ his mother was born & educated in America, & went to school with Miss Jones's mother. Said he had met the Countess G., within twenty-four hours, & through her learned of Miss Jones's presence in Munich; Countess G. had said, "Go to Madame B. & inquire; mention my name, & say that although we have not met for twenty years, I have still the old ~~affect~~ esteem for her." ~~[It transpires that the Countess G. is not in Munich, & has not been for several years.~~ Madame B. said, "The Countess ~~B.~~ G. has been absent from Munich several years, &, as you say, I have not seen her for twenty; I did not know she had returned." To which the calm tramp replied, "She returned only yesterday; she promises herself the pleasure of an early call upon you." He went on to say that the Countess G. was a friend of his mother's, & of Miss Jones's mother, & of Miss Jones herself,—had known Miss J. both in Europe & America, & had assured him that if he could find the young lady she would promptly assist him for his mother's ~~sake, & her mo~~ sake, & for the Countess's sake, & for God's sake, & so on. The truth was, that Miss Jones had never heard of the Countess G. before. Madame B. ~~was~~ did not give him Miss Jones's address; he did not ask for it; said he would call next day,—then he bowed himself out & marched straight to Miss Jones's address without any further questions.

This tramp could get Miss Jones's address, or mine, or that of any other dweller in Munich, from the police records; & he could also find out, from the same source, ~~how old Miss Jones is, & where she~~ where & when Miss Jones was born, & who her father was, & who her mother was, & what her religion is, & whether she owns a dog, & where she expects to go to eventually, & together with a good deal of other information about her,—for every sojourner is required to keep the police posted about himself.;= He could find out that Miss J. went to Madame's at a certain hour every day, by watching. He could guess that she was not going, day before yesterday, by observing that she allowed half of her customary hour to elapse without

starting. But how did he find out that Madame B. & the ¢Countess G. had been friends in a forgotten time? That is the neat feature of this thing. The raking up & ringing in of a countess whom Madame B. had not heard of or thought of for twenty years was a peculiarly deep & sagacious bit of diplomacy. It M made Madame B. "believe in him like a Bible." Madame B. lives up three flights of stairs, ~~& keeps~~ & her sole servant speaks nothing but German. The Frenchman could get no more information out of her, than he could get out of last year's almanac, or a dead man, or a detective, or a Munich newspaper. I mention these authorities in the diminishing ratio of what I conceive to be their excellence as fountains of intelligence. ¶

The American tramp who called on me had unwound some two-thirds of his sorrowful yarn, & I was beginning to melt around the edges, when he made a miss-play & I had him. He said an American gentleman had hired him, in Paris, to conduct him through Austria "as a sort of a <u>currier</u>;" and had heartlessly discharged him in Vienna because a "currier" who knew no German was of no use to him.

"Didn't he know you couldn't speak German when he hired you?"

"Yes, he knew it perfectly well."

I said, "Now I've caught you, my lad. There is only one ass in the world who is ass enough to have hired a 'currier' to conduct him through a certain country while knowing that that currier did not know the language of that country. There has never been but one ass of that sort; there will never be another, for the mould

. . . .

To William Dean Howells
2 February 1879 • Munich, Germany
(MS: MH-H, #01626)

Munich, Feb. 2.

Dear Howells—

I thought I would call your attention to the following incident, while the dinner table is getting ready for the soup.

There are several families & several little children in this pension. One of these little children, Marie Haŭff, has an ailment which requires a peculiar treatment—therefore she is the envy & admiration of the rest of the little tribe.

Scene, Our ~~Nursery~~ Parlor.—Time, This Afternoon.—Enter a male friend from up town & introduces his little daughter, aged 6 or 7. I introduce the little maid into our nursery & tell our children who she is. My friend & I close the nursery door, but leave a crack to peep through. Little Miss Minnie stands bold upright in the centre of the nursery, in her white silk head-gear, her hands still in her little muff, & stares at Susie & Bay, who stand before her and stare back. Presently—

Minnie—*I*'ve got a cat at home—a *live* one.

Our children can't "call this hand," so they are silent. After a pause,—

Minnie—And I've got a dog, too,—a live dog.

Our children can't "size *this* pile[?"] either. Silence, & a pause. Then—

Minnie—I've seen the *Queen!*—I've seen her *ever* so many times!

Bay (with triumph)—But you've never seen Marie Haŭff. *I* have. And I *know* her, too. She has an injection every day! So there, now!

That let Miss *Minnie* out, you see.

And now the soup has arrived.

Yrs

Mark.

To Francis E. Bliss
9 February 1879 • Munich, Germany
(Transcript by Dana S. Ayer: WU, #01629)

Munich, Feb 9 – 1879

Dear Frank—

Yes, I'm still pegging along at the book, & making pretty good & steady progress, though I continue to tear up MS. The weather has grown so warm & wet here that we begin to fear for the children's health, & so we may break up & run to Paris shortly. That will make another break & a consequent delay, but I hope not a serious one.

Our Paris address will be "Care Monroe & Co. Bankers."

Yes, we calculate upon returning to America next August & to Hartford in October.

Yrs Truly

S. L. Clemens

To Orion Clemens
9 February 1879 • Munich, Germany
(MS: CU-MARK and CtHMTH, #01631)

Munich, Feb. 9.

My Dear Bro—

I enclose ~~$25~~ draft for $25 on Hartford. I shall be sincerely glad to hear that you[r] success meets your highest expectations. But I want to caution you earnestly as to one thing. When reporters or *anybody* ~~el~~ come to interview you, & while on your travels, & shall chance to inquire about me, or my ~~f~~ affairs,—then say to these folks, "There, let us draw the line *there,*—I have not one single word of any sort to say about Sam or Sam's matters." I want you to be steadfast to that, & never depart from it. I cannot abide those newspaper references to me & my matters. I think that one reason why I have ceased to write to friends & relatives is that I can't trust them. Mother Fairbanks, Mollie Fairbanks, you, & other close friends, have printed stuff from my private letters, & I have never had the courage to say "Respect my privacy," but have taken refuge in writing ten-line letters with nothing *in* the ten lines. I don't think Ma & Pamela have put me into print since I was in Nevada, so I ^merely^ don't write to them because of the long habit of *not* writing—not because I can't trust them. But you see, if you're going to travel I've got to speak out & protest against being made a text for reporters & Raymonds & ~~Cutters~~ Bloodgood Cutters.

I will now write to Perkins to increase your monthly check $8 for the present, & make it $50. I think you will continue in "abject poverty" as long as you keep boarders and lodgers. You two could go & board ^& lodge^ quite comfortably with somebody else for $30 or $35 a month. Then why don't you do it? Why do you want to slave so, to make both ends meet? Anybody can be as poor as he wants to, who will persist in living as he has no business to live. Anybody can be poor who won't live within his income. There is no place in America, big or little, where man & wife can't get bed & fire & plenty to eat for $35 a month. There is no place in the whole world where this cannot be done. You have no *right* to pay any more than that. Of course you can't have a church pew & other idiotic vanities thrown in, but you can be comfortable, & that is something. I wish you would try this thing once. I think you & Mollie ^would find^ that the absence of persecuting anxieties & scrimpings would compensate for the loss of any grandeurs which your present way

of life confers upon you. There is no place where a kitchen & a parlor & a chamber cannot be rented for $8 a month—therefore why not keep house alone; half the slaving which you & Mollie do now would enable you to keep house without a servant. There would be nothing disreputable about it. Your own mother has cooked, & so has Mollie's.

I am not in an ill humor; I am not snarling; I am ~~onl~~ not proposing what I would not propose to myself—that is, live clear within my income, whether it was a thousand dollars a week or fifteen.

All are well, & all send love & best wishes.

Yr Bro

Sam

Be sure of one thing—I have not written ill-naturedly or with an unkind feeling.

[*enclosure:*]

$25.—

Munich, Feb. 9, 1878.

Messrs. Geo. P. Bissell & Co.,
Bankers,—Hartford.

Please pay to the order of Orion Clemens, Twenty-five Dollars,

[*3 or 4 lines torn away*]

Orion Clemens, Esq | Keokuk | Iowa | U. S. of America. [*in upper left corner:*] Via England. | [*rule*] [*on the flap:*] SLC/MT [*postmarked:*] MÜNCHEN [*remainder torn away*] [*and*] NEW YORK FEB 27 [*enclosure endorsed:*] Orion Clemens | PAY GILMAN, SON & CO OR ORDER FOR COLLECTION | Gilman & Son

To William Dean Howells
with a letter to Orion Clemens
9 February 1879 • Munich, Germany

(MS: NN-B, #02529)

~~10~~ Munich, Feb. 9.

My Dear Howells—

I have just received this letter from Orion—take care of it, for it is worth preserving. I got as far as 9 pages in my answer to it, when Mrs. Clemens shut down on it, & said it was cruel, & made me send the money & simply wish his lectures success. I said I couldn't lose my 9 pages—so she said send them to you. But I will acknowledge that I thought I was writing a very kind letter.

Now just look at this letter of Orion's. Did you ever see the grotesquely absurd & the heart-breakingly pathetic more closely joined together? Mrs. Clemens said "Raise his monthly pension." So I wrote to Perkins to raise it, a trifle.

Now only think of it! He still has 100 pages to write on his lectures, yet in one inking of his pen he has already swooped around the United States & invested the result!

You *must* put him in a book or a play right away. You are the only man capable of doing it. You might die at any moment, & your very greatest work would be lost to the world. *I* could write Orion's simple biography, & make it effective, too, by merely stating the bald facts—& this I will do if he dies before I do; but *you* must put him into romance. This was the understanding you & I had the day I sailed.

Observe Orion's career—that is, a *little* of it:

He has belonged to as many as five different religious denominations; last march he withdrew from deaconship in a Congregational Church & the superintendency of its Sunday School, in a speech in which he said that for many months ~~he~~ ~~I~~ (it runs in my mind that he said 13 years,) he had been a confirmed *infidel,* & so felt it to be his duty to retire from ~~his~~ the flock.

2. After being a republican for years, he wanted me to buy ^him^ a democratic newspaper merely because his prophetic mind told him Tilden would be President—in which case he would be able to get an office for his services.

A few days before the Presidential election, he came out in a speech & publicly went over to the democrats; but at the last moment, ~~he~~ while voting

for Tilden & 6 State democrats, he ~~got~~ prudently "hedged" by voting for 6 State republicans, also. He said it might make him safe, no matter who won.

The new convert was made one of the secretaries of a democratic meeting, & placed in the list of speakers. He wrote me jubilantly of what a ten-strike he was going to make with that speech. All right—but think of his innocent & pathetic candor in writing me something like this, a week later: "I was more diffident than I had expected to be, & this was increased by the silence with which I was received when I came forward; so I seemed unable to get the fire into my speech which I had calculated upon, & presently they began to get up & go out; & in a few minutes they all rose up & went[22] away."

How *could* a man uncover such a sore as that & show it to another? Not a word of complaint, you see—only a patient, sad surprise.

3. His next project was to write a burlesque upon Paradise Lost.

4. Then, learning that the Times was paying Harte $100 a column for stories, he concluded to write some for the same price. I ~~w~~ read his first one & persuaded him not to write any more.

4. Then he read proof in the N. Y. Eve. Post at $10 a week, & meekly observed that the foreman swore at him & ordered him around "like a steamboat mate."

5. Being discharged from that post, he wanted to try agriculture—was sure he could make a fortune out of a chicken farm. I gave him $900 & he went to a ten-house village 2 miles above Keokuk on the river bank—this place was a railway station. He soon asked for money to buy a horse & light wagon,—because the trains did not run at church time on Sunday, & his wife found it rather far to walk.

~~At the~~ For a long time I answered demands for "loans," & by next mail always received his check for the interest due me to date. In the most guileless way he let it leak out that he did not underestimate the value of his custom to me, since it was not likely that any other customer of mine paid his interest *quarterly,* & thus enabled me to use my capital twice in 6 months instead of only once. But alas, when the debt at last reached $1800 or $2500 (I have forgotten which,) the interest ate too formidably into his borrowings, & so he quietly ceased to pay it or speak of it. At the end of two years I found that the chicken farm had long ago been abandoned, & he had moved into Keokuk. Later, in one of his casual moments, he casually observed that his books had shown that there was no money in fattening a chicken on 65 cents worth of corn & then selling it for 50.

6. Finally, if I would lend him $500 a year ~~(this~~ for 2 years, (this was 4 or 5 years ago,) he *knew* he could make a success as a lawyer, & would prove it. This is the ~~loan~~ ^pension^ which we have just increased to $600. The first year his legal business brought him $5. It also brought him an unremunerative case where some villains were trying to chouse some negro orphans out of $700. He still has this case. He has waggled it around through various courts & made some booming speeches on it. The negro children have grown up & married off, now, I believe, & their litigated town-lot has been dug up & carted off by somebody—but Orion still infests the courts with his documents & makes the welkin ring with his venerable case. The second year, he didn't make anything. The third, he made $6, & I made Bliss put a case in his hands—about half an hour's work. Orion charged $50 for it—Bliss paid him $15. Thus four or five years of lawing has brought him $26, but this will doubtless be increased when he gets done lecturing & buys that "law library." Meantime his office rent has been $60~~5~~^7^ a year, & he has stuck to that lair day by day as patiently as a spider.

7. Then he by & by conceived the idea of lecturing around America as "Mark Twain's Brother"—that to be on the bills. Subject of proposed lecture, "On the Formation of Character."

8. I protested, & he got on his war-paint, couched his lance, & ran a bold tilt against Total Abstinence & the Red Ribbon fanatics. It raised a fine stink among the virtuous Keokukians.

8. I wrote to encourage him in his good work, but I had let a mail intervene; so by the time my letter reached him he was already winning laurels as a Red Ribbon Howler.

9. Afterward he took a rabid part in a prayer meeting epidemic; dropped that to travesty Jules Verne; dropped that, in the middle of the last chapter, last March, to digest the matter of an infidel book which he proposed to write; & now he comes to the surface to rescue our "noble & beautiful religion" from the sacrilegious talons of Bob Ingersoll.

Now come! Don't fool away this treasure which Providence has laid at your feet, but take it up & use it. One can let his imagination run riot in portraying Orion, for there is nothing so extravagant as to be out of character with him.

And then his wife is the only woman who could have so rounded & perfected Orion's character. She was ~~an~~ ^a bald-headed^ old maid^.^ ~~& wore a wig~~ She was poor & taboo; she wanted position & clothes, oh, so badly; she

had the snaffle on this ass before he knew what he was about—for he was editor of a daily paper & a good catch. She is saturated to the marrow with the most malignant form of Presbyterianism,—that sort which considers the saving one's own paltry soul the first & supreme end & object of life. So you see she has harried him into the church several times, & then made religion so intolerable to him with her prayings & Bible readings & her other & eternal pious clack-clack that it has had the effect of harrying him out of it again. He is a printer, but she won't allow him to work at his trade because she can't abide the thought of being a mechanic's wife. She prefers to keep boarding-house & make him let on to be a lawyer. He wrote piteously once, how the governor or somebody gave a blow out, with a broad general invitations to lawyers & their wives to be present, & she made him go, & take her,—& it was the year that he didn't have a case or make a cent, & those people all knew it. Moreover, he hadn't any decent clothes, for she gobbles all the money ~~& sha~~ & buys clothes & new wigs for herself with it. The only way we can keep him from being ragged is to send him money distinctly for *himself* occasionally. Then he treats himself to something "for Sunday & weddings" & a pair of "bi-focal spectacles"—that is, if bi-focal spectacles happen to be the newest & freshest astonisher in the spectacle market. For he wouldn't give a curse for a pair that hadn't anything surprising about them. She won't let him work at a trade, but in the privacy of the boarding-house she makes him get up in the cold gray dawns of winter & go from one lodger's room to another (young fellows not half his age,—& they pity him & protest, too,) & build the fires, & go down on his knees & bow his gray head & blow them, to save the parlor bellows from wear & tear. Orion is in his 54th year. He & she are two curses which are dovetailed together with marvelous exactness. She is such a vain, proud fool; he is so utterly devoid of pride. He is a curse to her, & she is a curse to him. And these two curses have been yoked fast together for five & twenty years! If Orion ever goes to hell, he will be likely to ^say,^ "I don't think *this* place is much of an invention." And if she ever goes to heaven, she will be likely to say, "I am disappointed; I did not think so many would be saved."

Well,—good-bye, & a short life & a merry one be yours. Poor old Methuselah, how did he manage to stand it so long?

Yrs Ever

Mark.

[*enclosure:*]

Munich, Feb. 9.

My Dear Bro—

Yours has just arrived. I enclose a draft on Hartford for $25. ~~If it~~ You will have abandoned the project you wanted it for, by the time it arrives,—but no matter, apply it to ~~the~~ your newer & present project, whatever it is. You see I have an ineradicable faith in your unsteadfastness,—but mind you, *I* didn't invent that faith, you conferred it on me yourself. But fire away, fire away!—I don't see why a changeable man shouldn't get as much enjoyment out of his changes, & transformations & transfigurations as a steadfast man gets out of standing still & pegging at the same old monotonous thing all the time. That is to say, I don't see why a kaleidoscope shouldn't enjoy itself as much as a telescope, nor a grindstone ^have^ as good a time as a whetstone, nor a barometer as good a time as a yardstick. I don't feel like girding at you any more about fickleness of purpose, because I recognize & realize at last that it is incurable; but before I learned to accept this truth, each new weekly project of yours possessed the power of throwing me into the most exhausting & helpless convulsions of profanity. But fire away, now! Your magic has lost its might. I am able to view your inspirations dispassionately & judicially, now, & say "This one or that one or the other one is not up to your average flight, or is above it, or below it."

And so, without passion, or prejudice, or bias of any kind, I sit in judgment upon your lecture project & say it was up to your average, it was indeed above it, for it had possibilities in it, & ~~not only that~~ even *practical* ones. While I am not sorry you abandoned it, I should not be sorry if you had stuck to it & given it a trial. But on the whole you did the wise thing to lay it aside, I think, because a lecture is a most easy thing to fail in; & at your time of life, & in your own town, such a failure would make a deep & cruel wound in your heart & in your pride. It was decidedly unwise in you to think for a moment of coming before a community who knew you, with such a course of lectures; because Keokuk is not unaware ~~that in Nevada you were a~~ that you have been a Swedenborgian, a Presbyterian, a Congregationalist, & a Methodist (on probation,) & that just a year ago you were an infidel. If Keokuk had gone to your lecture-course, it would have gone to be amused, not instructed,—for when a ^man is^ known to have no settled convictions of his own he can't convict ~~yo~~ other people. They would have gone to be amused, & that would have been a deep humiliation to you. It could have been safe for you to

appear only where you were unknown—then many of your hearers would think you were in earnest. And they would be right. You *are* in earnest while your convictions are new. But, taking it by & large, you probably did best to discard that project altogether. But I leave you to judge of that, for you are the worst judge I know of.

To Olivia Lewis Langdon
23 February 1879 • Munich, Germany
(MS: CtHMTH, #01635)

Munich, Feb. 23
Sunday ~~noon.~~ ^1.30 PM^

Dear Mother—It has been snowing with a perfect fury for four hours & a half. During the past hour the customary Sunday noon crowds of people have been thinning out; & now, although I have six streets & a big pleasure-square in sight, there are not 15 people in view. The snow is falling so densely that it makes the trees in the square look spectral. But it just occurs to me that this will not surprise you as much as it does us—for you are likely to have the duplicate of this storm—& *repeated,* too, maybe.

I've got the airs for my music box selected at last, thanks to goodness,—been 5 months at it. If I ever get the thing home I'll give you some musical chords which you will say are the softest & sweetest you ever heard. The sounds are more suggestive of the violin or a combination of violins, ^(softly played)^ than anything else. I had never seen a box of the sort before. ^It^ is to play 10 tunes & cost $400. It is small in size,—comparatively speaking,—but it has virtues of large dimensions.

Sam Moffett has been with us a week or more & has won the esteem, admiration & affection of the tribe. He has become a manly boy in the past few months, & is a thoroughly good boy, and high-minded. He has a ~~spirit~~ large spirit, with nothing mean or low or paltry in it. He has a capacious mind; & to his great & varied accumulation of knowledge he has added *wisdom*—& that is rare for a lad of 18. He will remain here some months & board & lodge & study German in the family of Clara's almost divine German Baroness.

Livy & I want to thank Charley heartily for his care of Livy's affairs. We think the idea of investing in 4% government bonds is a particularly good one. Livy is going to write him herself.

We are packing. Our plan is to leave for Paris next Thursday at 6. 40 AM, arriving at Strasburg at 5. 30 PM & going on to Paris the next day. We were in a good deal of a sweat about the plague for some time, & it still promises to sweep the whole world this year, but our physician says one need have no present fear about it.

We send a power of love to you all—& thank goodness it doesn't have to go through the custom house. They would charge duty on it, & break it all to pieces into the bargain.

Your son
Saml.

Mrs. J. Langdon | Elmira | New York | U. S. of America. [*postmarked:*] MÜNCHEN 23 FEB -8M [*and*] NEW YORK M 3 13

To Jane Lampton Clemens and Pamela A. Moffett
23–25 February 1879 • Munich, Germany

(Paraphrase and TS: Pamela A. Moffett to Samuel E. Moffett, 22 March 1879, CU-MARK, #09211)

We rec'd a letter from your uncle Sam in which he spoke of the baroness as "that finest character & perfectest woman in Europe." Your uncle spoke in the highest terms of you [&] said they were all mourning because they would have to part with you so soon. I think the time & place of your visit to them was most opportune. I am sure it was Providential. I am glad you are to correspond with Clara Spaulding in German. I am glad you are going to write to your uncle Orion.

To Joseph H. Twichell
24 February 1879 • Munich, Germany

(TS: Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain's Letters,* 1917, 1:357–58, #01292)

Munich, Feb. 24.

Dear Old Joe,—It was a mighty good letter, Joe—& that idea of yours is a rattling good one. But I have not sot down here to answer your letter,—for it is down at my study,—but only to impart some information.

For 2 months I had not shaved without crying. I'd spend ¾ of an hour whetting away on my hand—no use, couldn't get an edge. Tried a razor strop—same result. So I sat down & put in an hour thinking out the mystery. Then it seemed plain—to wit: my hand can't *give* a razor an edge, it can only smooth & refine an edge that has already been given. I judge that a razor fresh from the hone is this shape V—the long point being the continuation of the edge—& that after much use the shape is this V—the attenuated edge all worn off & gone. By George I *knew* that was the explanation. And I knew that a freshly honed & freshly strapped razor won't cut, but after strapping on the hand as a final operation, it *will* cut. So I sent out for an oil-stone; none to be had, but messenger brought back a little piece of rock the size of a Safety-match box—(it was bought in a shoemaker's shop) bad flaw in middle of it, too,—but I put 4 drops of fine Olive oil on it, picked out the razor marked "Thursday" because it was never any account & would be no loss if I spoiled it—gave it a brisk & reckless honing for 10 minutes, then tried it on a hair—it wouldn't cut. Then I trotted it through a vigorous 10-minute course on a razor-strop & tried it on a hair—it wouldn't cut—tried it on my face—it made me cry—gave it a 5-minute stropping on my hand, & my land, what an edge she had! We thought we knew what sharp razors were when we were tramping in Switzerland, but it was a mistake—they were dull beside this old Thursday razor of mine—which I mean to name Thursday October Christian, in gratitude. I took my whetstone, & in 20 minutes I put two more of my razors in splendid condition—but I leave them in the box—I never use any but Thursday O. C., & shan't till its edge is gone—& then I'll know how to restore it without any delay.

We all go to Paris next Thursday—address, Monroe & Co., Bankers.

With love—

Ys Ever

Mark.

To Elisha Bliss, Jr.
6 March 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: Karanovich, #11673)

Address for
2½ or 3 months.
THE NORMANDY HOTEL
7, RUE DE L'ÉCHELLE
& 256, RUE SAINT-HONORÉ
PARIS

March 6, 1879.

Friend Bliss—I have just received your letter, and it contains just what I want—that is, the settling up of the Riley matter & the canceling of the contract for a book in place of the Riley book. This I wrote to Perkins the other day. I have long had the idea that the $2000 had been paid, or that it had been wiped out by a clause in a later contract—so I wrote Perkins to look into the matter & see how it stood, & if he could not make himself certain then leave the $2000 matter alone till I come home, but in the meantime get the darned Riley contract *canceled,* so that I should have no contract hanging over me but the one between Frank & me. I told him that if I still owe that $2000 I should not hesitate to pay it promptly.

Now if Perkins satisfies himself that I owe the $2000, let my copyright money now in the Company's hands be drawn on for the paying of it, immediately, & the old contract be canceled; but if Perkins is in doubt, let the Co. cancel the contract anyway & receive my written obligation to do the right thing when I reach home. But I want that old dead (& by me long ago forgotten) contract canceled.

Yes, I would like to buy the plates of my books if they can be had at a reasonable figure. What will they take for them?

I am glad the new book promises to have a large sale, for our expenses in Paris (we arrived 5 days ago & propose to remain in this hotel, 3 or 4 months) are something perfectly gaudy. ~~There is still a slight chill in the air, & the firewood for the children's bedroom & our small parlor costs five dollars a day! If we had arrived here during the colder weather I should now be a tramp—& my appeal would be, "For the love of God give a poor stranger fifteen or twenty dollars worth of wood to keep him from freezing, this bitter night." We live in what is called a very cheap little hotel,—I wish I knew what it costs to live in a dear one.~~

Sixeve days hence an artist a mile from here on top of the hill of Montmartre will yield up his studio to me for until my book shall be finished—& on that day I buckle in on my book again.

I wrote Frank about 2 or 3 weeks ago—addressed it simply "Hartford." Give him my regards.

Your friend
S. L. Clemens

To Mary Mason Fairbanks
6 March 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: CSmH, #01637)

Address until
June 1, 1879,
~~THE NORMANDY HOTEL~~
and maybe, July 1.
~~7, RUE DE L'ÉCHELLE~~
Drexel, Harjes & Co
~~& 256, RUE SAINT-HONORÉ~~
Bankers, PARIS

March 6, 1879.

O, dear, dear, dear! I *am* the boss scoundrel of modern times, in the matter of undutifulness to parents. But, my dear mother, a body ought to have a moral lapse of *some* kind to keep from being perfection, & I suppose the ignoring of the 5th commandment is the blemish ~~in the one~~ that saves *me* from moral perfection. Two or three weeks ago, in Munich, my conscience woke out of a year-long torpor & got to torturing me so that I put down my ~~more~~ higher duties & said, "I will not sleep or eat until I have written to every mother I have got in the world." And I *did* write to my Fredonia mother, & began a letter to my Elmira mother, & got the steam going for ~~a~~ an intended letter to you. That was as far as I got, but it gave my conscience a wonderful relief. Since then, how often I have thought of my goodness of that day—& how often I have intended to repeat it the first time my conscience should begin to hurt again. Well, your letter has wakened it up, & so I mean to write you, & begin a letter to Elmira, & finish by intending one to Fredonia. Then I shall be perfectly happy for another month. I mightily like to get letters from you, & I mightily like to answer them, too, after I get started, but I do so hate to start! Why ain't people constructed so that they will *like* to write letters? I don't mind taking a bath, after I am once *in,* but I do hate to get in.

O dear, the troubles! I was hoping that Mr. Fairbanks' ~~g~~ brave fight had won the field, long ago, & that he was enjoying well earned peace and victory—& now it seems that the battle is still not over. But you & he seem to be making the best of the rough episode, & I do hope you will have good news to send us next time.

I've been having a dismal time for months over this confounded book, working hard every time I got a chance, & tearing up a lot of the MS next time I came to read it over. However, I think I am half done the book at last, & I suppose I shall finish it in Paris, for I expect to work six days in the week here, uninterruptedly for the next 2 or 2½ months. ^(I am making part of the illustrations for it *myself*.)^ It is to be as big as the Innocents Abroad (by the way, Tauchnitz bought of me the right to put the Innocents Abroad in his series, day before yesterday—he had previously published & ~~To~~ paid for Tom Sawyer in his square honorable way.) By George I had a rattling set-back in Munich about ^2 or^ 3 weeks ago. When I struck page 900 I wrote home jubilantly, that my book was just half done—& I treated myself to several hours' genuine happiness, too; & *then* I counted up & found that I had written only 65 to 70 words on a page, instead of 100! Consequently I was only ⅓ done. I had been writing 30 pages a day, & ~~S~~ allowing myself Saturdays for holiday. However, I had 8 clear days left before leaving Munich—so I buckled in & wrote 400 pages in those 8 days & so brought my work close up to half-way. My study, a mile from this hotel, will be ready for me a week hence, & then I shall go at it again. I always come home from work so tired I can hardly hold my head up, & that's one reason why I don't write letters. ~~Latterly~~ During that final 8-day spurt in Munich I allowed myself only the Sunday for holiday—& I utilized that Sunday by writing 60 pages of letters. W

I wish Charlie *could* appear as one of the illustrators of my book; but he would be in New York & the MS could not be sent there. [*in margin:* PRIVATE] The illustrating will be done by some exceedingly cheap artists, I suppose, [*in bottom margin:* PRIVATE] who will roost in Hartford where they can have access to the MS. But there is that article you speak of—"^The Recent French Duel"—why shouldn't Charley illustrate that, in competition with Bliss's artist, & send the pictures to ^E.^ Bliss, Jr., ~~28~~ American Pub. Co., 284 Asylum st., Hartford? I think Bliss would have wit enough to use Charlie's pictures if they were better than the other artist's. I shall use that chapter in the book—it will follow a perfectly serious description of 5 very bloody student-duels which I witnessed in Heidelberg one day—a description which simply *describes* the terrific spectacle, & with no jests interlarded & no comments added. The contrast between that chapter & the next one (the ~~Great~~ Gambetta duel) will be the silent but eloquent comment. [*in left and top margins:* The Americans in Paris have all read my "~~Duel~~ Recent French Duel & are loud in their praises of it.

That is mighty pleasant. I perceive that some of my points were more pointed than I had supposed they were.]

By geeminy I wish you *would* write me up in the way you speak of. It is exactly the article I have long wished that some competent hand would write, but no competent hand has ever proposed it before. There isn't any hand so competent as yours, nor any other that could take the right interest & pleasure in the work. ~~Se~~ How they have always botched that pretty incident of the arrival in Buffalo that night, at what I ~~th~~ supposed was the "boarding house" which Mr. Slee had engaged for us—the literary shoemakers! Now you write that article & take some of the deformities out of my shape & let me stand up straight in print once.

We're expecting Frank D. Millet, a very dear young artist friend of ours here, every moment, to dinner, with the lovely girl he is to marry next Tuesday—with I & 3 friends as witnesses,—& Livy & Clara S. & I & 6 or 8 more will eat the wedding breakfast in his studio. Millet's a mighty talented fellow. He was chief correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, & afterwards of the London Daily News, in the late Turco-Russian war, & he won 4 decorations—one of them was sent him by the Emperor of Russia for intrepidity ~~in~~ on the field of battle. I have seen these decorations, but Millet himself does not speak of them, for he is an exceedingly modest fellow.

O dear, dear, dear! There's my conscience again, & my dear little sister Mollie! Often's the time I've written Mollie, in my mind, but mighty little credit a body gets for *that*—at least in this world; but there is another world, thank goodness, & there I shall have praise for writing Mollie tons of letters which she never received. And the angels will admire & say, "What a faithful & bully correspondent he was;—& yet how little credit he got for it there below." Well, I love Mollie just the same, & I am going to write her again, too. You give her my love, will you?

The children are well, & as good as they can be, except that Bay will lie,—which is rather a grace than a defect—& besides it makes her conspicuous in a family like this. They speak German glibly—the rest of ^us^ can't. You won't ℰ ever catch me fooling around any more foreign languages—particularly as I don't intend to wander off to any more foreign lands till after I'm dead. Livy's health is very good, & wood is very high—3 francs a ~~bank~~ ^basket^—plain, ungilded firewood—five dollars a day is what it costs us—& when I first saw the bill here ~~it was~~ I thought it was for carved furniture, but no, sir, it was for firewood, & glad I am we didn't arrive here when it was cold

weather. Livy sends a world of love to you & all sorts of affectionate remembrances & to think that the basket only holds 6 sticks, too, & at 3 francs the basket that makes it ½ a franc the stick, & no ornamentation at all on it but just plain ordinary wood such as we get from Charley Warner's wood-pile nights at home for absolutely nothing; & she wishes you were here, so she could show you how much French & German she & Clara have still to learn, & I'll be hanged if I don't honestly believe that if we had been here in the January cold snap we should have had to turn our entire income into wood & then eat the ashes, for at 3 francs a basket you see yourself how it would mount up, & how soon a person would bust or freeze if he did not turn the thermometer the other way—& so I am as ever your loving son

Saml.

To Edward F. Noyes
18 March 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: CSmH, #01642)

Normandy Hotel.
Tuesday.

Dear General—

Conway tells me that you kindly offered to add me to your party to attend President Grèvy's reception on Thursday evening. As a general thing I don't most always believe everything Conway says, but if in an unguarded moment he has slipped up & told the truth this time, I assure [you] I accept your invitation with a great many thanks.

Truly Yours
S. L. Clemens.

To Andrew Chatto
24 March 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: NjP, #01643)

Normandy Hotel
7 rue de l∅'Echelle
Paris, Mch 24/79.

~~Gentlemen=~~

My Dear Mr. Chatto—

Do you see how this *infernal* pen kicks up behind? Well then, do please send me that box of first-class quill-nibs which I asked you for some time ago. *This is a special request.*

And please send a copy of Tom Sawyer

. . . .

To George P. A. Healy
25 March 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: NN-B, #02530)

Tuesday.

Dear Mr. Healy—

We were very sorry to miss your visit, but we were out visiting ourselves. I've thought the portrait matter all over, & I see that it won't do for me to attempt it. I take all my Saturdays & Sundays to rest in, when I am at work, & I shall have to continue that custom here in order to keep myself in working trim. As I do my resting in bed, it wouldn't be a good position for ^the portrait of^ a professedly live man.

Thank^ you kindly for ~~the vis~~ your note, which I received a few moments ago. I hope I shall ~~be~~ have an opportunity to visit your studio with my wife, yet. Maybe she can go by herself on Thursday. I was not well enough to go out, yesterday.

Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens

To Pamela A. Moffett
26? March 1879 • Paris, France

(Paraphrase and TS: Pamela A. Moffett to Samuel E. Moffett,
14 April 1879, CU-MARK, #09212)

I wrote you yesterday, but as I have just rec'd a letter from your uncle Sam I will write again & copy some things he says about you. "By a letter rec'd by Miss Clara from our good Baroness Freundenberg, we judge that Sam is coming to Paris about a month from now. We shall be glad to have him here, but I am sorry he does not stay a month or two more with the Baroness, for he cannot have so good an opportunity again to learn the language. I will translate what the Baroness says about Sam, whereby you will see what impression he has made."

"We are all very fond of Mr. Moffett: he is a young man [of] uncommon intellect & culture, & yet so modest & good that I already think with pain of the time when he will leave us. He reads a great deal, but prefers not to write. He has made great progress in these 4 weeks, & as he is to remain 4 weeks longer I hope he will speak very good German by that time."

"The great trouble with Sam is that he 'reads a great deal' & 'prefers not to write.' To write the language is useful,—to read it is more an injury than a benefit. To speak it, & write it, & never read it, is the right course. Sam has written Miss Clara a bright letter in German, & as bright a one to Livy in English. I thought Sam promised me he would read only one day in the week, but doubtless he didn't. It would be the best thing for him." I suppose you understand your uncle Sam's reasons for not wishing you to read German. I presume he thinks you would get a purer pronunciation by confining yourself to conversation & writing. We rec'd your letter to Annie dated March 26th at the same time with your uncle Sam's.

Samuel L. Clemens,
Olivia Susan (Susy) Clemens (*per* Samuel L. Clemens),
and Olivia L. Clemens
to Olivia Lewis Langdon
30 March 1879 • Paris, France

(MS: CtHMTH, #01645)

7 rue de l'Echelle
Paris, Mch 30.

Things go along just the same, mother dear. There is no change. I still catch cold & am pestered with rheumatism, & as a consequence my work lags & drags & mostly stands still. Livy has pains in the back of her neck, & the old ones in her spine, but she keeps up her studies & other activities with spirit. The children have French colds which can't be told from German ones by people ignorant of the language. Rosa has a horrible cold. Clara Spaulding has the twin to it. She studies hard & has got into the new language so deeply now that the French can't understand her French & we can't understand her English. But she & Livy will get over this transition stage presently. Livy had—however, I must take care of the children, now, as Livy & Clara are out & Rosa has gone to dinner. I will write a letter which Susie proposes to dictate to you. As follows:

⟦From Susie to Grandma.⟧

~

I've got a new governess, & we play school with the dollies, & play Schwartzpeter, & read stories, & jump rope, & we sang to her; we sang "Kommt ein Vogel" & "Hänselein willst du tantzen." We went over to a little baby here in the hotel & we played Blind Man's Puff, and played hoop & I knocked myself on the nose.—& then I think we went back in a few minutes. Charles is a little French boy with brass buttons; he rides us up in the lift; & me & Clara was playing ball a minute ago; & Queen Victoria was in Paris day before yesterday, but I didn't see her. I'll say that I'll close the letter, now.

~

Paris March 30th
1879—

Mother dear, it is evening Mr Clemens has written you during the day—Clara and I went to take luncheon with Mr Bunce, the artist, he is a cousin of

Mr Ned Bunce of Hartford— Mr Bunce has some wonderfully beautiful Venice pictures which we have enjoyed in his studio before, and today we again had great pleasure in them—

Mr Bunce had invited us to come and eat some hash that he makes from American corned beef—

We went about twelve o'clock We found a table made ready for two—and the hash cooking in his stove— After a little we began our lunch, first we had ~~ra~~dishes and bread & butter— We tried to have ~~us~~ him eat with us but he said he must stand so as to wait on us—he drew his easel near us and had his ~~¢~~ plate and glass &c on that—he was very much worried for fear we should soil our plates with the radishes and those were all he had and he kept informing us that those plates were for the hash— We had one napkin, a decidedly old fruit napkin that had belonged in his Mother's family—he set the watter boiling for the tea, then searved us the hash, he was very much afraid it would burn, but it did not, was just nicely browned over the top, and was exceedingly good— We had pickles with the hash and bread & butter—and lemon in our tea—after the hash, apples, oranges and nuts—how I did wish you home friends could ~~have~~ ^look^ in and see us— We enjoyed our luncheon very much, & seeing the pretty things that Mr Bunce had in his studio, he has several very pretty pieces of silk tapestry—he intends going to America this Summer and fitting up a studio in New York in the fall—

On Thursday of this past week we went to call on Mr Healy the portrait painter he had called on us—he has some exceedingly fine portraits and one or two that we know to be very good ^likenesses^, but the man we disliked exceedingly, he seems like one of Dickens characters a kind of made up man— When ~~he~~ we were ready to go he said that he wanted to give Mrs Healey a great pleasure & so took us into an adjacent house where Mrs Healey was recieving, with two daughters, they were just about the most uninteresting family I ever met, they passed tea which was so poor that it was entirely impossible for even me to drink it—

When we rose to go, I thought well this acquaintance shall end here, I will not invite them to call, but Mrs Healey said, "I shall come and see you soon Mrs Clemens," I thanked her, then she asked if I was at home on any particular day? (every one here has their day at home even the Americans) I ~~said~~ ^replied that^ I had not—then she said "oh well then we must take our chance of finding you at home"— One of the daughters asked her Mother if

she knew our address which she did, so there was no escape—they all from the father down impressed you as shams, the mother perhaps the least so of the family—

Clara has written home all about our going to see the pictures entered at the salon—you must borrow her letter and read about it—

We feel now as if our time was growing short and as if it would not be very long before we should see you all— We have had an urgent invitation from the Conways to visit them in London, probably Mr Clemens and I will go there for a day or two leaving the rest of the party at the hotel—

I have not had any home letter for a week— I wish I might get one tomorrow with more promiseing business news in it than Charlie's last—you don't say any thing about business matter Mother dear— I wish you would write me if you, or any of the family, want me to get any thing for ~~them~~ ^you^ — The children are very well except that they have ~~bad~~ ^slight^ colds—

Good night Mother dear—we all love you all— Write when you can—but short letters & dont tax yourself— Love to all the household Theodore—Sue—Charlie—Ida & the children

yours with deepest love
Olivia L. Clemens—

Mrs. J. Langdon | Elmira | New York | U. S. A. [*in upper left corner:*] America. | [*paraph*] [*postmarked:*] PARIS N31 MARS 79 [*remainder illegible*]

To Francis E. Bliss
15 April 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: NN-B, #02531)

Hotel Normandy
7 rue de l'Echelle
Paris, Apl. 15.

My Dear Frank—

I have been sick—sick—& sick again—with rheumatism and dysentery. I have spent four-fifths of my six weeks' residence in Paris in bed. This is an awful set-back. I hired a den a mile from the hotel & went to work as soon as I reached Paris, but my fire went out & I was laid up the very first day. I only got fairly & squarely to work again a week ago, & had to go back to bed again to-day—more dysentery, or rather, a threat of it which frightened me. I am working, every chance I get, & that's the best I can do. I am hoping to be able to go right along, now,—I believe my diseases are about played out.

I have been able to talk, if I couldn't write. Been interviewed by the "World" representative. Said interview will not be printed immediately, ~~but~~ because it has one feature in it which seems important enough to be issued simultaneously in London & New York. So that feature will be sent to some London magazine (in order to get it noticed by all English papers) & when the magazine is ready to go to press, then the "World" will publish at the same time. The "World" representative—he is an old lawyer—does me the honor to think I may possibly have solved the problem of International Copyright, & I,—who am no lawyer,—am of his opinion. ~~We~~ I'm going to lay the matter before some experts, before I take on any airs in the matter. If I *have* solved it, I can fix those Canadian pirates; & if I haven't, we must rig a purchase in some way, to get Canadian copyright.

Perkins says your father didn't promise to get my stock out of the Pub. Co. free of loss. I ain't prepared to say he did—& I wouldn't want him to do a thing he couldn't do, anyway. But I want him to get ~~me out~~ rid of all of my stock but about 5 or 10 shares at the best figure he can before he leaves the concern. What is that stock worth, now?

I'm thinking over the Riley matter—I think I'll tell Perkins to let the Co pay themselves the $2000 out of my copyright money, & take a written release from the contract to write another book. I thought that old matter had been settled long ago. Your father once offered to pay me 10 per cent on the

volume of sketches & by jingo I wish I had let him, now—the extra royalty would about clear off the Riley debt. Isn't the sale of the Sketches near enough to 50,000 copies for the extra 2½ per cent to be added? *That* would ~~fix it to~~ reimburse me.

I never mentioned your contract & mine to anybody unless it was Twichell, & I don't think I mentioned it to him. It was not a thing I would be likely to speak of.

Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens

To William Dean Howells
15 April 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: MH-H, #01568)

Hotel Normandy
7 rue de l'Echelle
Paris, Apl. 15.

Dear Howells——7. P. M.

Have just got Livy L. Clemens & Miss Spaulding off to the Opera in charge of an old friend—(for I cannot stand anything that is in the nature of an Opera)—& here I find a letter from Susie Warner to Mrs. Clemens—I open it & my goodness, how she raves over the exquisiteness of Belmont; & the wonderful view; & Mrs. Howells's brilliancy, & her deadly accuracy in the matter of detecting & driving the bulls-eye of a sham; & the attractiveness of the children; & your own "sweetness" (why, do they call *you* that?—that is what they generally call *me*); & the indescribably good time which she & Charley had; & my old pipe dressed up in ribbons & holding a candle, & making an unique & graceful ornament of itself—& I thank you for paying these kindly honors to the old pipe,—if the dull plebeian thing half appreciated them it would have turned to gold-mounted malachite by this time.

So the reading of that letter has set me going, when it was my purpose to turn in, immediately, & read & smoke. However, I'll cut myself short, for once. Mr. Mead called yesterday (not Larkin G.,) just as I was starting off to the neighborhood of the Triumphal Arch on business, so he walked with me to the rue de Rivoli & up the Champs Elysée half way to the Arch—which gave us a chance to talk a good deal about you & your disappointment in the matter of the Pacific excursion, (what a real pity that was,) & other matters. He is going to call again, & come in the evening, when we are business-free.

~~Well, I had a very curious experience, Sunday, day before yesterday. Since I was~~

[*in top margin of page numbered 9:* ⟦Pages 5, 6, 7 and 8 torn up.⟧]

It was splendid in the President to appoint Mr. White. The more I think of the matter the more I am satisfied that the President never appointed Bret Harte. Evarts simply *crowded* that shameless scoundrel in. You have seen by the papers that Harte has deliberately swindled two German publishing houses, by selling each the *sole* right to print one of his books. Poor Boyesen

is here in this expensive city, & has got to *stay* here till his wife is confined in July, & every cent of silver is worth its weight in gold to him; well, two German publishers were going to buy some of his literature, but all of a sudden comes a letter from a famous German author a week or so ago, freighted with disappointment—the publishers have reconsidered the matter, & say in plain terms that they must decline to buy anything of an American author, now, *unless he will give bond* ~~not to~~ *to indemnify them in case he has sold the sole right to some other German publisher!* It comes hard on Boyesen. We like Boyesen & his wife, heartily. Poor fellow, there are *12* Orions in his family. That's enough to make anybody warm to him.

Do you know, I wanted to take that German author's letter & send it to the President & say "~~Y~~ When your Excellency found that George Butler was drunk, on his way to his new post, you dismissed him before he got there; here is a new appointee who is also a drunkard, & is a thief besides: is it not a case for dismissal?" But I couldn't seem to word a formal state paper just right in my mind, & I wouldn't send one that wasn't in every way a proper thing for the head of our country to read—so I've dropped it for the present. I told Bret Harte, just before the Presidential election, that the New York Custom house was the right place for him, & that I thought him an unfit person for our foreign service. I would think so yet, only the Custom house has latterly become too clean a place for such a dirty bird as he is.

[*cross-written over the above paragraph:*]

Good night, my boy—

Yrs Ever

Mark.

[*new page:*]

Continued.

Chatto sent me Harte's new book of Sketches, the other day, ("An Heiress of Red Dog," etc). I have read it twice—the first time through tears of rage over the fellow's inborn hypocrisy & snobbishness, & his apprentice-art, his artificialities, his mannerisms, his pet phrases, (such as " the frequent "I regret to say,")—& his laboriously acquired ignorance, & his jejune anxiety to display it. O, my God! He rings in *Strasse* when street would answer every purpose, and *Bahnhof* when it carries no sharper significance to the reader ~~than depot~~ than "station" would; & he peppers in his seven little French words (you can find them in all his sketches, for he learned them in California 14

years ago,),—he begins his German substantives with "lower case" generally, & sometimes mis-spells them—all this with a dictionary at his very elbow—what an illustration of his slovenly laziness it is! And Jack Hamlin talks like a Bowery gutter-snipe on one page, & like a courtier of Louis XV's time on the very next one. And he has a "nigger" who talks a "dialect" which is utterly original. The struggle after the pathetic is more pathetic than the pathos itself; if he were to write about an Orphan Princess who lost a Peanut he would feel obliged to try to make somebody snuffle over it.

The second time I read the book I saw a most decided brightness on every page of it—& here & there the evidences of genius. I saw enough to make me think, "Well, if this slovenly shoemaker-work is able to command the applause of three or four nations, what *mightn't* this ass accomplish if he would do his work honestly & with pains?" If I ever get my tedious book finished, I mean to weed out some of my prejudices & write an article on "Bret Harte as an Artist"—& print it if it ~~would~~ will not be unfair to print it without signature.

Tauchnitz called the other day—*I* a mighty nice old gentleman. He paid me 425 francs for the Innocents—I think he paid me about [*in bottom margin:* ~~skeleton n.~~] 6 or 700 f. for Tom Sawyer (it being new); he is going to print Roughing It by & by, & has engaged advanced sheets of my new book. Don't know what he will pay for the two latter—I leave that to him—one can't have the heart to dicker with a publisher who won't steal.

Can't you get up a plot for a "skeleton novelette" & find two or three fellows to join us in writing the stories? Five of us would do. I can't seem to give up that idea.

I knew the President would veto that infamous Chinese bill. I wish I knew whether Belmont was a P. O. or a country seat.

Yrs Ever

Mark.

P. S. If I should think of anything more to say about Harte, I will telegraph.

To Samuel Troll, fils
15 April 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: Howard, #12253)

Hotel Normandy
7 rue de l'Echelle
Paris, Apl. 15.

Dear Sir—

I am very glad, indeed, to hear such favorable news about the ~~x~~ box. To prevent injury in re-packing, I think it best not to have it come to Paris. Therefore, please ship it to Liverpool, marked thus:

"Mark Twain,"
Care Cunard S. S. Co.
Liverpool.
[~~"~~]*To be kept till called for."*

Please mark it ~~gla~~ "Handle with Care"—or something like that. But doubtless you always do that, anyway.

Also, please ship that large box to the Cunard S. S. Co., ~~also,~~ ^(marked like the music box)^ with those words "*To be kept till called for*" added—& send me the bill for what I owe you. With many thanks for your kindness in taking care of that package for me so long, I am

Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens

[*letter docketed by Troll:*] 1879. | [*rule*] | Paris 15 Avril | S. L. Clemens. | [*paraph*]

To Andrew Chatto
25 April 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: NvL2, #01650)

Hotel Normanxdy,
7 rue de l'Echelle,
Paris, Apr. 25.

Dear Mr. Chatto—

While we wait for Mr. Girdlestone's book, can't you send me *immediately,* Mr. Whymper's book? It contains his ascent of the Matterhorn (about 1865,) when young Lord Douglas & a guide or two lost their lives. I don't know who published it.

Yrs Truly
Mark Twain

To Lucius Fairchild
3 May 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: WHi, #01652)

May 3, P.M.

Dear Mr. Fairchild—

O, dear, we should like it of all things,—it commends itself to us both as just the excursion to make—but unhappily there is a breakfast engagement in the way, for 12. 30 tomorrow in Paris. So we can only thank you cordially for offering us this pleasant opportunity & dam the fates for robbing us of it. [That word is not profane, as you will observe by the spelling.]

So, with our best wishes for ~~the~~ a full day's pleasure to you & yours—

I am

Truly Yrs

S. L. Clemens

Mrs. Clemens objects to that word—but she has no poetic feeling.

To Francis E. Bliss
10 May 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: NjP, #01653)

Normandy Hotel,
7 rue de l'Echelle,
Paris, May 10/79.

My Dear Frank—

I received a rather impertinent letter from Mr. Drake a week ago, mentioning reports & inquiring somewhat particularly into my affairs,—on behalf of the Company, I suppose,—but I suppose he can wait for an answer as long as I have waited for one ~~from~~ to the letter I wrote the Company on the same subject 3 years ago.

I am making good progress, & hope to have the book done before the end of July.

Now as to illustrations. I remember your father telling me the artist's ~~work~~ & engraver's work for the Innocents Abroad cost $7,000. Of course we can knock down a deal of that expense, now, by using the new photo-processes. I've got an artist, here, to my mind,—young Walter F. Brown; you have seen pictures of his occasionally in St. Nicholas & Harper's Weekly. He is a pupil of the painter Gerome, here, & has greatly improved, of late.

He is willing to make the pictures for my book about as cheaply as the photo-people here will put them on the plates for. There are two or three of the processes, ~~& I~~ suited to different styles of work, & I shall have occasion to use them all. Brown has been to the process men & got their figures, & the result is this; ~~promise:~~

If you will send me ~~*Eleven* *Ten*~~ *Eleven hundred ~~& fifty~~ dollars, gold,* to Paris, you shall receive, in return for it,

10 full-page plates	@	$18,– – – – – – – – – – – – – –	$180.00
25 half-page do	@	9, – – – – – – – – – – – – – –	225.00
75 quarter-page do	@	4.50 – – – – – – – –	~~302.00~~ 337.50
100 sixth-page do	@	3. – – – – – – – – – – – – – –	300.00
210 ~~drawings~~ [*in pencil:* plates]		– –Totals – –	~~1,007.00~~ 1,042.50

I say $~~1050~~1100 instead of $~~1007~~1042 to cover little possible mistakes in ~~over~~under-sizing the plates. I would suggest that another $50 be added to make reasonably sure of covering such mistakes.

Our government will charge 25 per cent duty on the cost of the *plates,* nothing on the artist's work. (I have been consulting the law, at the consulate.) This will add $125 or $150 to the total cost (I don't know what the freight will be on a box of ~~freights)~~ ^plates,)^ —& the total cost of the 210 pictures will then be, say, $1^2^325 or $1^2^350, *artist's work included.*

These pictures will cover a space of—

10	full-page	– – – – – – – –	10 pages.
25	½ ″	– – – – – – – – –	12 ½ ″
75	¼ ″	– – – – – – – – –	19 ″
100	⅙ ″	– – – – – – – – –	17 ″
			58½ pages.

That is a *general* idea of the size of the pictures. I may use only 6 or 7 full-page pictures, & split up the other 3 or 4 into smaller ones; I may use some ¾-page ones, & fewer ¼-page. And so on—but the amount of space covered by pictures will remain the same & cost the same.

In addition I propose to give several pages of space to *my own* pictures, but these will only increase the above picture-bill at the rate of $9 a page for processing the same ^(& duties)^ —I think I won't charge you ~~amt~~ anything for artist's work, although I've had a good deal of trouble with these things & thrown a world of mighty poor talent into them.

~~As I understand~~

Brown agrees to submit all pictures to me & re-draw them till I approve of them. He also agrees to superintend the process business & see that the work is properly done.

If all this work is done here, the plates will be finished by the time I finish my last chapter, & the MS & the plates will cross the ocean in the same ship. But if the pictures are made in America that will cause a delay, & the artist will have to over-hurry his work besides.

I enclose proofs of plates made for this book by the processes, so that you can judge of their merit & of Brown's drawing.

We meant the Matterhorn accident for a full-pager, but had to guess at the size. If you agree to these propositions, send me a copy of the Innocents, & also send me ~~a single I~~ two or three Innocent *pages* in a letter, per same mail—I shall be sure to get one of them, then.

If these propositions suit you, send me this cablegram at once, & Brown will go right to work, for there are stacks of MS ready:

"Clemens, care Munroe, Banker—Paris—*Yes.*"

Put no ◇◇◇ date, & no signature, of course.

If you don't agree, send the same cablegram with *No* in place of yes—because I want this thing off my mind, so it won't be intruding on my work.

If you agree, ship the money along, & I will pay for the artist's work & the plates from time to time as they are approved & delivered into my hands. The best way will be ~~to do precise~~ ^for you to hand^ the money to Geo. P. Bissell & Co & let them send me an ordinary *letter of credit* for the amount. I can then keep it separate from my own money.

[*in pencil:*] The proofs I send are in the rough. They have not been cleaned up. They are not on clean white paper, either.

[*in ink:*] Please reply at your early convenience.

Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens

[*letter docketed:*] S. L. Clemens | May 10–79

To Robert M. Hooper
12 May? 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: MoSW, #08942)

Monday, P. M.

Mr R. M. Hooper:

D^r^ Sir: A previous engagement most unfortunately debars us the pleasure of accepting Mr. & Mrs. Heuston's kind invitation, but we shall hold the 17^th^ open, so as not to miss the entertainment at your house.

I'm as sorry as you are that you were not on the Tribune, because toward the last I began to get my hand in, & if you had been there I would have won all of your money & part of your clothes.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Hooper I am

Sincerely Your friend
S. L. Clemens

To Samuel E. Moffett
14 May 1879 • Paris, France
(MS, in pencil: CU-MARK, #01654)

Dear Sam—

Don't tell anybody, but we are going to spend our evenings in my work room (No. 124, fifth floor of this hotel)—where you will be welcome. We are fleeing from these *f* deluges of company.

Yrs

S L C

Mr. S. Moffett | 197 Faubourg St. Honoré | E/V. [*in upper left corner*:] For the post. | [*rule*] [*postmarked*:] PL. DU THEATRE-FRANÇAIS PARIS 4E 14 MAI 79

To Mary Mason Fairbanks
15 May 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: CSmH, #01655)

Paris, May 15/79
Care Munroe & Co, Bankers.

Dear Mother Fairbanks:

O dear me, what a world it is! We all catch it, sinners & saints alike—but still I thought *you* deserved to escape, and I am sure there must be some mistake in your case. But I must not stop to moralize, for my day's work is before me, & time rushes. (I work six solid days every week—nothing short of it will ever finish this book.)

We are in Europe mainly to cut down ~~our intolerable expenses~~ our expenses, & we are doing it the best we can—so I am going to send you the minor figure which you propose,—viz, $1000. I am afraid you ain't any better financier than I am—for when you ask me to lend you $1000 or $2000 on property worth more than $15,000 you are taking heaps of unnecessary trouble. You can borrow three times that amount on that property right in Cleveland. However, it ain't for a son to teach his mother finance. Possibly you do not want the thing public? I had not thought of that. But you can trust Charley Langdon, & there is small doubt that he would furnish you the other $1000 which you want. What you say about Mr. Gaylord astounds me; for I did not know he was a rascal, I thought he was only a fool. (There now, I have let my opinion slip, & if your relations should presently resume their former state, you'll hold a grudge against me.)

Now don't think hard of me for writing in this light vein when you are in trouble—I don't mean any harm—& I mustn't get into a mournful mood, it isn't suited to the chapter I have mapped out for today's work—but exactly the reverse. I can't burlesque ~~the~~ Mr. Whymper & the other fantastic Alp-climbers with a solemn underpinning to my thought—~~It~~ it would be a failure.

By George, *now* I know what stirred up that hornet's nest in Hartford! It was Charley's pictures. *Privately* (it must not be mentioned—to ANY-body—not even to Charley or his father) I'm in the midst of a quarrel with the American Publishing Company, & Charley's sending those pictures there was an awful mistake. It never occurred to me to remark that they should be sent here—to *me*, drawn on paper, not on the wood. That was an important

omission on my part. Consound it, I do get into more trouble than any ass that ever lived. I sometimes wish to gracious I never had been *born* an ass.

Well, *this* vein won't answer for that chapter, if I proceed with it——so I will send you & my dear Mollie & all whom you love the love of this family in unstinted measure—& drop ~~business~~ letter-writing & go to work.

Your eldest son

Sam^{l}.

Mrs. A. W. Fairbanks | Fair Banks | Near Cleveland | Ohio | U. S. of A. [*in upper left corner:*] America | [*rule*] [*postmarked:*] PL. DU THEATRE-FRANÇAIS PARIS 7^{E} 18 MAI 79 [*and*] NEW YORK MAY 28 PAID ALL G

To Richard Whiteing
17 May 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: DLC, #01656)

Saturday, 17th.

My Dear Mr. Whiteing:

This family all agree cordially that it was most kind of you to write that. I am right down grateful to you for saving me from those people—I had been feeling a little uneasy about them. You have given me an unaccustomed pleasure,—the opportunity to read a chapter about myself which is *all* pleasant, instead of being spoiled by dashes here & there of the other thing.

Truly Yrs

S. L. Clemens

[*in pencil*:]

P. S. Your ink does not appear to be this vile gummy copying ink which Satan has sent me: Where do you get it?

To the Editor of the New York *Evening Post*
20–25 May 1879 • Paris, France

(TS: New York *Evening Post,* 9 June 1879, #12658)

I have pretty much made up my mind to run for President. What the country wants is a candidate who cannot be injured by investigation of his past history, so that the enemies of the party will be unable to rake up anything against him that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the worst about a candidate, to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now I am going to enter the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, & if any Congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography in the hope of discovering any dark & deadly deed that I have secreted, why—let it prowl.

In the first place, I admit that I treed a rheumatic grandfather of mine in the winter of 1850. He was old & inexpert in climbing trees, but with the heartless brutality that is characteristic of me I ran him out of the front door in his nightshirt at the point of a shotgun, & caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot into his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if I ever have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was in 1850. I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth over this fact by asserting that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went into the woods at Valley Forge for the purpose of saying his prayers. It was a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I preferred to have somebody else save it. I entertain that preference yet. If the bubble reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth, I am willing to go there for it, provided the cannon is empty. If it is loaded my immortal & inflexible purpose is to get over the fence & go home. My invariable practice in war has been to bring out of every fight two-thirds more men than when I went in. This seems to me to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

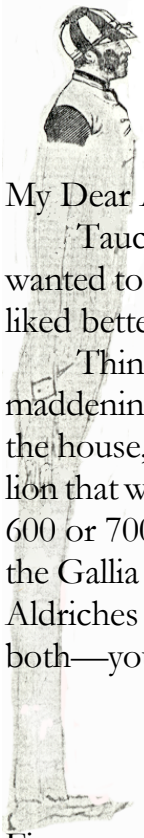
My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with the advocates of inflation. I do not insist upon the special supremacy of rag money or hard money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under my grapevine was correct. The vine needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, & I dedicated her to this high purpose. Does that unfit me for the Presidency? The Constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was ever considered unworthy of this office because he enriched his grapevines with his dead relatives. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

I admit also that I am not a friend of the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition, as so much wasted raw material. Cut up & properly canned, he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the cannibal islands & to improve our export trade with that region. I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be: "Desiccate the poor workingman; stuff him into sausages."

These are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country don't want me, I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man—a man who starts from the basis of total depravity & proposes to be fiendish to the last.

To Thomas Bailey Aldrich
25 May 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: DLC, #01658)



7 rue de l'Echelle,
Paris, May 25.

My Dear Aldrich—

Tauchnitz replies, "I will certainly write to Mr. Aldrich." I told him you wanted to replace some of the Sketches with others of a later date which you liked better.

Things go better with me than they did. The whole trouble was the maddening street-noises. Moved bed-room & work-room to the other side of the house, & now I sleep like a lamb & write like a lion—I mean the kind of lion that writes, if any such. Struck MS-page 1959 yesterday, which means that 600 or 700 pages more will finish the book (say six weeks.) We are to sail in the Gallia August 21. We ^(all the tribe)^ felt an awful vacancy here when the Aldriches left, you can depend on *that*. Good-bye & good voyage to you both—you must be sailing about this time.

Yrs ever
Mark

Figaro prints my Gambetta Duel to-day. It is said to be an excellent translation.

To Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz
25 May 1879 • Paris, France

(TS: Curt Otto, *Der Verlag Bernhard Tauchnitz: 1837-1912,* 1912, p. 125, #01659)

Paris
7, rue de l'Echelle,
May 25th, 1879.

. . . .

I am glad you have written Aldrich & Howells. I greatly want to see their books in the Series.

My burlesque sketch of the Gambetta-Fourton Duel appeared in *Le Figaro* to-day, but I don't know French well enough to tell whether it is well translated or not.

I thank you very much for the books you have had the kindness to send me. They have just arrived, & I promise myself much pleasure in reading them.

. . . .

To Andrew Chatto
29 May 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: NN-B, #02532)

Normandy Hotel.
7 rue de l'Echelle
Paris, May 29.

My Dear Mr. Chatto:

~~H~~ Please send a copy of "Roughing It" to

Monsieur Ivan Tourguèneff,
50 rue Douay,
Paris.

& charge to

[*signature torn away*]

I don't [*torn away*]

To Jane Lampton Clemens and Pamela A. Moffett
29 May 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: NPV, #01661)

Paris, May 29.

My Dear Mother & Sister:

I have just finished my day's work, & written (MS) page 2041. So I am *getting along*. If they don't call me to dinner too quickly I'll get this brief letter written to you.

I found out what the trouble was, 2 weeks ago—it was the horrible racket & thunder of the streets;

[*about 3 lines (15 words) cut away*]

torture. Livy & I moved to the quiet side of the house, & had a long, sound, refreshing sleep ~~th~~—so we located there permanently, & I moved my work-room to the same side. We are both strong & well, now. The book will be published in the fall.

Sam comes in every night, & we have a vast love & admiration of him. ~~Livy can't make~~ [*3 or 4 words canceled and then cut away*] but I

[*about 5 lines (25 words) cut away*]

Sam spends all his time in the Herald reading rooms, but we don't grumble at that; he has a level head & can be trusted to know what is best for himself; & he has a *purpose:* a cleanly-defined purpose is sheet-anchor, main-stay, everything. A boy who has that, is all right.

I am glad you are getting around again,

[*about 3 lines (15 words) cut away*]

still burn fires—I am miserably tired of it. But the children are booming—the climate suits them exactly.

It is funny to see them Excommunicating Orion—they'd better have saved themselves the trouble & Mollie the distress—he'll be a deacon in that same church next year—& a deacon in some other church a year after. I judge Orion wrote a pretty good lecture. I knew he could write a good one if he ~~stu~~ was able to stick to his subject—but I feared he would change his religion 7 times before he got through, & of course that would mix the argument too much. But he'd better look out how he prances around with that lecture,—some of the godly will hang him. However, I wish him better luck than that.

I read Charley Webster's lecture with a lively interest—it was a right down good talk.

We are all hearty & cheerful, now. This book has been a long, tough job, but I see daylight ahead, now, & that makes me good humored.

We all send love to all the household. We are to arrive at Condover Hall, Mr. Cholmondeley's country seat, in England, July 28, to stay a week—so we probably leave Paris a week earlier & loaf through Holland.

Yrs

Sam.

To Orion Clemens
29 May 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: CU-MARK, #01662)

^*Private*^ 7 rue de l'Echelle,
Paris, May 29.

My Dear Bro—

Never mind the Excommunication. If you made a square deal & told your honest thought in the lecture, I wouldn't care ~~a damn~~ what people say. People *won't* approve, anyway, no matter what a body says. ~~Most~~ Your heresy won't damn anybody that doesn't deserve it, perhaps. (I was degenerating into tautology, but have mended it above.) I judge you wrote a good lecture. I am bound to say you showed a deal of moral courage to deliver it. And your honesty in what you preach is not open to doubt, while I think the same cannot be said of ~~the~~ Beecher and Talmage.

We all send love to you & Mollie. We leave here in a month.

Yr Bro
Sam

To J. Langdon and Co.
5 June 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: ViU, #01663)

Paris, June 5.

J. L. & Co—

Gentlemen—

I drew £200 on letter of credit to-day.

March—April—May—3 months & $4,000 gone, in Paris—but we have had considerable to eat for it, & a basket or so of wood to burn.

Ys Truly

S. L. Clemens.

Haven't had a day *yet* which did not require fires & overcoats. It is a

. . . .

To Francis E. Bliss
10 June 1879 • 1st of 2 • Paris, France
(Transcript by Dana S. Ayer: WU, #01664)

Paris June 10/79

Dear Frank

All right—have just written Perkins that Tom Sawyer fills the Riley contract, & instructed him to have the Co endorse all my contracts as completed & deduct $2000 from copyrights now due, in satisfaction of the Riley debt. What I wanted the "yes or no" for, was on the *artist's* work—of course I did not care when the plates were made. I have not a doubt that you can beat their French work which looks very shabby to me.

Dan Slote has the best process in the world, but I suppose we can't use that, because in his process the pictures are not transferred, but drawn on a hard mud surface. It looks like excellent wood engraving whereas *all* these other processes are miserably weak & shammy. How clean & strong the Innocents pictures are!

Yes, will leave space for some pictures to be drawn at home, as you suggest. I shall have one full-pager made here by a fine wood-engraver if he will cut it for anything under $100,—otherwise will send it over & let Dan Slote's artist try his hand on it. It is a thing which I *manufactured* by pasting a popular comic picture into the middle of a celebrated Biblical one—shall attribute it to Titian. It needs to be engraved by a master.

Yrs Truly

S. L. Clemens

To Francis E. Bliss
10 June 1879 • 2nd of 2 • Paris, France

(MS, in pencil: Sotheby's, New York,
December 1993, #01665)

Paris June 10.

My Dr Frank—

Brown sent you some 35 drawings to-day—& one ~~½~~ or two by "Harris" (my imaginary "agent") & one by myself.

I don't like those stippled processes half as well as I thought I should, & am glad the plates are not to be made here. Pen & ink on ~~whi~~ plain ~~pla~~aper looks much cleaner & stronger.

I have paid for the 2 or 3 plates made here ~~(scribble wrote on them $14.60~~—$14.60. & shall not have any more made. I shall leave several ~~pic~~ pages for your artist over there to fill up with after-thoughts, as you suggest.

Ys Truly

S. L. Clemens

[*letter docketed:*] S. L. Clemens | June 10/79

To Joseph H. Twichell
10 June 1879 • Paris, France
(MS, in pencil: CtY-BR, #01666)

(Care Monroe & Co).
Paris, June 10.

Dear Old Joe—I ought to be at work instead of gossiping, even with you; but I'm barred for an hour anyhow, for they've put a woman in next to my work-room, who I think will last about that length of time, judging by the rate at which she is coughing & hawking and spitting. When it's all over with her I will go back to work.

We are mighty hungry—we want to get home & get something to eat. I can't quite make out how Americans live on this flat infernal European food several years at a time without a run home ~~to~~ now & then to fill in with something wholesome & satisfying. We have engaged passage in the "Gallia" for Aug. 21.

I'm still pegging steadily away; have written ~~about~~ matter enough for the book, but have weeded out & discarded a fourth of it & am banging away to supply the deficiency. My artist is banging away on the pictures, at the same time.

Boyesen & wife staid in our hotel 2 or 3 weeks, but as we should leave here before their confinement & they would be friendless, they concluded to go home & take young Boyesen along in the original package. If there's a duty on such goods they will have to pay, for they can't play it on the Custom house for fat—people don't get fat here, & the inspectors know it.

Boyesen spent a pleasant evening with Tourguènеff, & he spent an evening here with us—a fine old man. [*in top margin: This page is private to Joe. Mum!*] Boyesen called on Renan & Victor Hugo, also, & had a good time with both of those old cocks, but I didn't go—my French ain't limber enough. I *can* build up pretty stately French sentences, but the producing of an erection of this sort is not my best hold—I make it too hard & stiff—& so tall that only a seaman could climb it, or a monkey—but the latter would have to 'tend to business: couldn't carry his nuts up in his hands, or any other provender—but you will be asking how can a monkey have connection with a subject of this kind anyway? He can't. Nobody can. However, let that pass. I leave all this French business to Livy & Clara. They are studying hard every day, & I greatly pity them. A language ain't worth half the trouble it costs to

learn it. Aldrich was ~~a~~ here a week or so, & what a rattling time we did have. That fellow is blindingly bright.

Oh, Switzerland! I have finished writing it, a few days ago. I have made the burlesque of Alp-climbing prodigiously loud, but I guess I will leave it so. The ~~leg~~ German legends which I manufactured to fit the ruined castles along the Neckar ^seem to^ read very well. ~~I discarded~~ I tore up two or three of them, but the rest have the right ring to them. I've got in that veterinary student who said "O, *hell*-yes!" too—& if it comes handy I think I will run across him again in the closing chapters.

Well, that woman is no more—I will go to work. Love to you all.

Ys Ever

Mark.

To Elizabeth S. Stevens
12 June 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: DLC, #01667)

Paris, June 12.

My Dear Miss Stephens—The following is the only poem I find among the canned sentiments in the storehouse of my memory which appears to feel as I do about it:

"My pen is bad, my ink is pale,
But my affection for you will
never fail.

Yours
S. L. Clemens
Mark Twain

Miss Stevens | E./V.

To Francis E. Bliss
13 June 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: Sotheby's, New York, December 1993, #01668)

Paris June 13

P. S.—Perhaps you'd ~~bett~~ as well not have any of the pictures processed till you get them all, Frank. Then you could better determine which of them to make large & which to make small. It is only a suggestion—you must do as seems best, you know.

Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens

[*letter docketed:*] S. L. Clemens | June 13.79

To Francis E. Bliss
14 June 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: CU-MARK, #11911)

Paris, June 14

Dear Frank—

The pictures we sent you a day or two ago must be much more *reduced* than we stipulated—~~reduce them another~~ the 35 pictures sent you now occupy 15 pages ~~(&~~ *(* of space. This won't do; they must occupy only *half* of that. Use your judgment in the reduction, leaving pictures large which *ought* to be large, & reducing unimportant ones, (like silhouettes,) to very small dimensions. Use your own judgment.

Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens

[*letter docketed:*] S. L. Clemens | June 14.79

To Lucius Fairchild
14 June 1879 • Paris, France

(MS facsimile: Cyril Clemens, *Mark Twain: The Letter Writer,* 1932, pp. 45–46, #01669)

Saturday—

My Dear General—

Enclosed please find wages of sin amounting to 40 fr. Go, & transgress no more. My scouts report that the balloon will not begin her passenger trips until Monday. I was getting afraid they would fill my order for tickets on *Sunday*$_{[\cdot]}$ I preferred to draw the line for Sabbath-outrages at horse-racing. I imagined a conversation like this—& it made me shudder.

St. Peter. How did you come?

You & I. By balloon, your Reverence.

St. Peter. When did you leave?

I know my weakness; I should be sure to say, "Early Saturday morning, your Reverence." Then the verdict would be fatal: "Guilty of ballooning on the Sabbath—in questionable company—& then lying about it."

Detain Mrs. Deane, & let's try it Monday, for instance.

Ys Truly,

S. L. Clemens

To Francis E. Bliss
15 June 1879 • Paris, France

(MS, in pencil: Sotheby's, New York,
December 1993, #01670)

Paris, June 15.

My Dear Frank—

I think I wouldn't use the picture which represents me lying on my back drinking from a bottle. It is not very well done, & there is no reference in the MS to *that* manner of "taking an observation." I took it with a thermometer, not a bottle.

Yrs

S L C

[*letter docketed:*] S. L. Clemens | June 15.79

To Francis E. Bliss
17 June 1879 • Paris, France

(MS: Sotheby's, New York,
10 December 1993, #01671)

June 17.

My Dear Frank—

Please "process" that waiter with the bottle, & a few other of the pictures & send proøfs for Brown to judge by. I suppose he wants to know what *sort* of a process it is, so he can draw to its best capacities. He brought some pictures last night which please me exceedingly.

Yrs

S.L.C.

[*letter docketed:*] S. L. Clemens | June 17.79

To Charles J. Langdon
17 June 1879 • Paris, France
(MS: CtHMTH, #01673)

(℅ Munroe & Co)
Paris, June 17.

Dear Charley—

Why *can't* you come? You could not do a wiser thing or a better one. If you are in earnest, cable me "Clemens—Munroe, Banker, Paris—yes," & I will then immediately instruct the Cunard Co to sieze upon the ^first^ berth given up by any passenger in the Gallia for Aug. 21, & keep it for ^you^,—& cable you when they succeed.

People are changing all the time—our rooms in the Gallia were the worst in the ship a month ago, but the Co said they could better them before the ship sailed—we now have the best rooms in the vessel. So give me the word—& do it by cable.

With a world of love for you all

Yr Bro
Sam^{l}.

Our present plan is to leave here for London in the first fortnight of July, but Munroe will forward things to me.

To Unidentified
24 June 1879 • Paris, France

(Paraphrase and TS: Merwin-Clayton catalog,
15 June 1906, item 45, #12335)

45. CLEMENS (SAMUEL L.). "Mark Twain." A. L. S., 2pp., 8vo, June 24 (1879). Regrets that his engagements prevent his attendance at a reunion.

To Lucius Fairchild
1–9 July 1879 • Paris, France

(MS of inscription in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,*
Tauchnitz edition, 1876: ViU, #11072)

Read this book, General Fairchild, & learn how to be a good boy.
Your sincere friend & well wisher
S. L. Clemens
(Otherwise spelt Mark Twain.)

Paris, July 1879.

To Charles E. Perkins
1–31 July 1879 • Unknown place
(MS: CtHMTH, #09843)

Just pile in some securities at Bissell's—enough to run us till we return home, Oct. 25th. I don't want ⌊to⌋ take any ^of our^ money out of J. Langdon & Co's hands here until they get through ^their^ heavy August payments.

S L C

To Andrew Chatto
19 August 1879 • Windermere, England

(MS, in pencil: NN-B, #02533)

Tuesday A.M.
Windermere, Aug. 19.

My Dear Mr. Chatto:

In a picture-shop alongside the Haymarket Theatre there is an etching by Whistler of a View from his window on the Thames in Chelsea—price 7 guineas. We have concluded we want it for the young lady who is with us. If you can ~~by~~ buy it & get it to Liverpool by day after tomorrow evening, (Thursday,) please do so & charge to my account. Possibly *you* may be able to get it for *less* than 7 guineas—& that I would prefer, of course. Address it to

"Miss Clara L. Spaulding,
Care S. L. Clemens,
Washington Hotel,
Liverpool."

It will even be time enough if it arrives Friday—our ship sails Saturday morning.

With many thanks for your many kindnesses, believe me

Ys Truly
Mark Twain.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus
74 Piccadilly.
London.

To John Brown
21 August 1879 • Liverpool, England
(MS facsimile: CU-MARK, #01682)

WASHINGTON HOTEL, LIME STREET. LIVERPOOL.

Aug. 21.

My Dear Dr. Brown:

During all the 15 months we have been spending on the continent, we have been promising ourselves a sight of you as our latest & most prized delight in a foreign land—but our hope has failed, our plan has miscarried. One obstruction after another intruded itself, & our short sojourn of three or four weeks on English soil was thus frittered gradually away, & we were at last obliged to give up the idea of seeing you at all. It is a great disappointment, for we wanted to show you how much "Megalopis" has grown, ^(she is 7 now,)^ & what a fine creature her sister (aged 5) is, & how prettily they both speak German. There are six persons in my party, & they are as difficult to cart around as nearly any other menagerie would be. My wife & Miss Spaulding are along, & you may imagine how they take to heart this failure of our long ~~cher~~ promised Edinburgh trip. We never even wrote you, because we were always so sure, from day to day, that our affairs would finally so shape themselves as to let us get to Scotland. But no,—everything went wrong; we had only flying trips here & there in place of the leisurely ones, ^which we had planned.^

~~We~~

We arrived in Liverpool an hour ago very tired, & have halted at this hotel (by the advice of misguided friends)—& if my instinct & experience are worth anything, it is the very worst hotel on earth, without any exception. We shall move to another hotel early in the morning, to spend tomorrow. We sail for America next day in the "Gallia."

We all join in the sincerest love to you, & in the kindest remembrances to "Jock" & your sister.

Truly Yours

S. L. Clemens.

To Unidentified
September 1879 • Unknown place
(MS, small card: NPV, #10850)

Yrs Truly
S. L. Clemens
Mark Twain

Sept. ’79.

To Unidentified
1 September 1879 • SS *Gallia,* en route from Liverpool, England, to New York, N.Y.

(MS, in pencil, of inscription in William H. Mallock, *The New Republic,* 1878: Hyman, #12027)

[*in an unidentified hand:*] This is a book wit

^Certainly it is.

Yrs Truly

S. L. Clemens

^"Gallia,"^ }
Sept. 1/79. }

Mark Twain

THE NEW REPUBLIC, a book which treats of light things seriously; of serious things, lightly; of all things wittily,—which destroys without remaking, suggests without satisfying, inquires without answering, stops without ending.

To Daniel Slote
4 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: Heritage Book Shop, April 1994, #10434)

C. J. LANGDON, PRESIDENT. J. D. F. SLEE, VICE PRESIDENT. W. L. KINGMAN, TREASURER. W. D. KELLY, SECRETARY.
THE M^C^INTYRE COAL COMPANY PRESIDENTS OFFICE

ELMIRA, N.Y. ~~Aug.~~ Sept. 4 187 9

Dear Dan:

I arrived with 32 packages of stuff, & was on the Cunard dock 8 6 hours working them through the Custom-house formalities. Mr. J. E. Welch, one of the Customs officers, was a good deal of assistance to me, & in fact all of the officers were obliging. Welch wanted a scrap book, so I told him I would send him half a dozen, & ~~if~~ he could pass them around.

Will you please send them to him? His address is *8 State street.*

I was the last passenger to get away (8 o'clock P.M.,) but it was because one of my trunks didn't turn up for several hours. But I was lucky to get through at all, because the ship was loaded mainly with my freight.

We are all well, & were hoping to have a hand-shake with you, but judged you were off in the country cooling yourself.

Yrs Ever

S. L. C.

To Francis E. Bliss
6 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: Sotheby's, New York, December 1993, #01683)

C. J. LANGDON, PRESIDENT. J. D. F. SLEE, VICE PRESIDENT. W. L. KINGMAN, TREASURER. W. D. KELLY, SECRETARY.
THE M^C^INTYRE COAL COMPANY PRESIDENTS OFFICE

ELMIRA, N.Y. Saturday. 187 9

My Dear Frank:

When you return the MS to me by Express, don't forget to mark it "Value $500"—or $1000.

When shall you be done with it? I ask because I want to know whether to go & visit my Fredonia folks now, or wait till I have revised the book. I am not in any hurry for the MS, but I want to know how to date the aforesaid visit. ^~~Write me~~ Telegraph or write me.^

Yrs Truly
S. L. C.

[*letter docketed:*] S. L. Clemens | Aug 9.79

To Mary H. Beale
8 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.

(Paraphrase and TS: Swann Galleries catalog,
3 November 1983, no. 1313, item 214, #10601)

With an ALS from Clemens, to Miss Mary H. Beale—"my correspondence is not voluminous enough to make a short-hand amanuensis necessary, & in my other work I am obliged to use the pen myself." 1 page, on McIntyre Coal Company letterhead, 8vo, strengthened with tape at folds. Elmira, N.Y. [letterhead], 8 September, 1879.

To Francis E. Bliss
8 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: CLjC, #01684)

C. J. LANGDON, PRESIDENT. J. D. F. SLEE, VICE PRESIDENT. W. L. KINGMAN, TREASURER. W. D. KELLY, SECRETARY.
THE McINTYRE COAL COMPANY PRESIDENTS OFFICE

ELMIRA, N.Y. Sept. 8 187 9

My Dear Frank:

A stranger writes me that the A P Co have had a new book of his under consideration for some time. Now if we publish my new book through the A P Co., let us have a written agreement with them that they shall not canvas *any* books *but mine* ~~from~~ between this present date & a date *9 months after the actual publication & issue* of my forthcoming book.

They put off the Innocents a whole year, in direct violation of contract, in order to run in two new books—but no matter about that, my object in leaving them was to have an *entirely* unencumbered field—& if I return to them, I don't want *any* books (new or old) canvassed but mine until my new book shall have had its full run.

Will you fix this?

You will perceive that my book is not finished. I shall finish it here, after the MS comes back to me. There is nearly matter enough, but I shall probably *strike out* as well as *add.*

Yrs Truly
S L C.

This letter is not dictated by malice, but only in the interest of "business."

[*letter docketed:*] S. L. Clemens | Seb 8.79

To the Hartford Flag Committee and E. S. Cleveland
8 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.

(TS and MS: Hartford *Courant,* 11 September 1879, p. 2,
and CtHMTH, #01685)

Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1879.

Gentlemen of the Committee—Out of the poverty left on hand by an interminable European trip, I very gladly put up the enclosed $25 in furtherance of the good cause which you represent. There is nothing nobler than for religion to support patriotism; & nothing wiser than for both to uphold & encourage domestic economy—therefore I subtract this sum from the pew rent.

Truly yours,
S. L. Clemens

[*enclosure:*]

C. J. LANGDON, PRESIDENT. J. D. F. SLEE, VICE PRESIDENT. W. L. KINGMAN, TREASURER. W. D. KELLY, SECRETARY.
THE M^C^INTYRE COAL COMPANY PRESIDENTS OFFICE

ELMIRA, N.Y. Sept. 8 187 9

$25. ~

Messrs. Geo. P. Bissell & Co
Bankers,
Hartford,

Please pay to the order of E. S. Cleveland, Esq., Twenty-five Dollars, & charge to ac/ of

S. L. Clemens
~

✉

[*enclosure endorsed:*] Pay Rowland Swift | Treasurer | E S Cleveland | Chairman [*and in another hand:*] Rowland Swift | Trs [*and stamped:*] PAID GEO. P. BISSELL & CO., HARTFORD, CT.

To William Dean Howells
8 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: MH-H, #01687)

C. J. LANGDON, PRESIDENT. J. D. F. SLEE, VICE PRESIDENT. W. L. KINGMAN, TREASURER. W. D. KELLY, SECRETARY.
THE M^{C}INTYRE COAL COMPANY PRESIDENTS OFFICE

ELMIRA, N.Y. Sept 8 187 9

My Dear Howells:

Are you *de~~ad~~*—or only sleepeth?

We are all well, & send love to you & yours, by the hand of

Yrs ever

Mark.

To Charles E. Perkins
9 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: CtHMTH, #01688)

Sept 9.

Mr Perkins

D^r^ Sir—

Keep the key, till we come.

Ys Truly

S L Clemens

To George S. Gilman
15 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: ViU, #01689)

Elmira, Sep. 15.

My Dear Mr. Gilman:

I haven't any secrets in the matter, but I can't speak for the President of the Co—so I must refer you to Bliss. I do not think he will mind telling everything, for ~~hie~~ nothing has occurred w/hich needs to be hidden. Under certain (not difficult or unreasonable) conditions, I am to remain with the old Co., ~~as~~ I believe.

Truly Yrs
S. L. Clemens

To William Dean Howells
15 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: NN-B, #02534)

Elmira, Sep. 15.

My Dear Howells:

When & where? Here on the farm would be an elegant place to meet, but of course you cannot come so far. So we will say Hartford or Belmont, about the beginning of November. The date of our return to Hartford is uncertain, but will be three or four weeks hence, I judge. I hope to finish my book here before migrating.

I think maybe I've got some Atlanticable stuff in my head, but there's none in MS I believe.

Say—a friend of mine wants to write a play with me, I to furnish the broad-comedy cuss. I don't know anything about his ability, but his letter serves to remind me of *our* old projects. If you haven't used Orion or Old Wakeman (Amateur Detective), don't you think you & I can get together & grind out a play with one of those fellows in it? Orion is a field which grows richer & richer the more he manures it with each new top-dressing of religion or other guano. Drop me an immediate line about this, won't you? I imagine I see Orion on the stage, always gentle, always melancholy, always changing his politics & religion, & trying to reform the world, always inventing something, & losing a limb by a new kind of explosion at the end of each of the four acts. Poor old chap, he is good material. I can imagine his wife or his sweetheart reluctantly adopting each of his new religions in turn, just in time to see him waltz into the next one & leave her isolated once more. (*Mem.* Orion's wife *has* followed him into the outer darkness, after 30 years' rabid membership in the Presbyterian church.)

Well, with the sincerest & most abounding love to you & yours, from all this family, I am

Yrs Ever
Mark.

What *is* your
P. O. address?

To Pamela A. Moffett
15 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: NPV, #01690)

Elmira, Sep 15.

Dear Pamela:

I have no check-book here—at least I can't find it. I will tell Charley Langdon to send you a draft for $175.—$100 ~~to bu~~ of it to buy the lot with, & $25 for Ma, to repay the money I borrowed of her.

We arrived all right, & less than an hour late. We had a perfectly delightful supper, hot & juicy, in the hotel-car.

Have received a letter from Orion, proposing to send me some heterodox MS for my judgment. I suppose he is going to try to make hell unpopular, now. Well, I approve of his work. He believes he is going to make some money out of this operation.

We had a charming visit with you all, & achieved a higher opinion than ever of Charley, & his energy, capacity & industry. But mind I tell you, in all affection, *Sam* had better look out or he'll be another Orion. This may be a false alarm & I hope it is—but isn't it really time Sam was getting at something? He has got a mighty good head—he ought by all means to go into the law with that young Woodford. They would make a success of it, sure.

I *was* going to write a few lines to Ma, but this is the sixteenth letter I have written since I sat down, & I am ~~ti~~ getting tired. Besides, there's still a pile to answer.

We had a charming visit with you—Susie wants to go back & "stay forever."

With love to all,

Sam.

To Unidentified
15 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.

(MS facsimile, small card: Profiles in History catalog, no. 32, item 117, #12348)

Truth is rarer than fiction.
(This was found out by)
Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens
Mark Twain.

Sep. 15, '79.

To Francis E. Bliss
16 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.

(MS: Sotheby's, New York, December 1993, #01691)

Elmira, Sep. 16.

My Dear Frank—

I told Brown to ship that "Moses" wood cut to you by European Express when finished. Have you received it?

Yrs

S L C

[*letter docketed:*] S. L. Clemens | Sep 16 ″/79

To David Gray
18 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: NHyF, #11404)

Elmira, Sept. 18.

My Dear David:

Yes, we got Mrs. Mattie's most welcome note, & we tried hard to answer it in person, but ~~by th~~ happened to strike the slowest pair of horses in the State—wherefore by the time we got to the Tifft House it was manifest that we must give it up & take the back track to the station or miss the train. I was paying extra shekels for speed, but they hadn't the commodity.

We were going to make a second attempt on our return from Fredonia, but the Dunkirk ticket agent could not check my trunk through to Elmira, & he likewise didn't believe we could drive to your house & back between trains. So we did not return by way of Buffalo.

Now surely several visits & two or three attempts entitle us to a visit from the Grays, & we shall count upon it this very winter—& the earlier the better, "so say we all of us." Your letter promises the visit,—constructively—& let me tell you you couldn't give yourself a more healing rest than the reposeful atmosphere of our hermitage would give you & yours. Give us a few days' notice, of ~~the~~ your coming, so that we can clear the house of possible unneeded sojourners & have a quiet field to ourselves.

I carried the little "Pauper" along to a point, where, at a gorgeous masque in the Guildhall, a messenger arrived & brought a dead silence upon the ~~assemblage~~ revels with the solemn proclamation of Henry VIII[s] death—followed, after a moment by the prostration of the assemblage before the pauper, & a thunderous "Long live the King!"—& at the same moment, the ragged little true prince, trying to force his way in & assert his rights, was hustled, hooted, ~~tr~~ bruised, & driven away by the mob, along with his fantastic Don-Caesar-de-Bazan of a Champion.

Possibly I got a little further than that—I don't remember. So I was about half through when I stopped. I shall take it up again with a powerful interest if I ever get another chance.

Well, goodbye to you both, & see that you come early. It was a great & unlooked-for disappointment that ~~m~~ we missed seeing you.

Yrs Ever

Mark.

To the Editors of the Berkshire County *Eagle*
23 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.

(TS: Berkshire County [Pittsfield, Mass.] *Eagle,*
16 October 1879, #10860)

Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1879.

I can only thank you, & express my regret, since circumstances over which I have no control debar me from being present at the supper & social meeting.

The phrase "circumstances over which I have no control" is not original with me—yet at the same time I claim considerable property in it by right of re-discovery. This most compact & convenient expression used to be commoner than lying; but at last the newspapers took it in hand & buried it utterly out of sight & memory under Alps & Himalayas of ridicule, & since that old day it has never been seen in print by mortal. It was a useful phrase for it covered all contingencies, it economised penmanship & invention, & enabled the most giftless excuser to do his office in elegant & melodious form. After twenty-five years' rest, you observe it comes up refreshed & smiling. Let us believe that this mortal has put on immortality. We will give the old relic a start, anyway, & see if she will go.

Thanking you once more for the compliment of your invitation, & wishing the Editors & Reporters an invigorating & rejuvenating good time, I am, yours truly,

S. L. Clemens.

To Mary Mason Fairbanks
23 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: CSmH, #01692)

Elmira, Sept 23/79.

Dear Mother—

It is mighty good news you send. Evidently your skies are brightening. And it is time; for you have had black weather long enough. We congratulate you with all our hearts.

We have been to Fredonia; we have finished our visit here in the valley with Mother Langdon; today we depart with bag/ & baggage to the serene hill-top. Consequently this is a busy day. Livy is viewing designs & instructing the artist who is making ready to fresco the Hartford house, Rosa is packing trunks, & I am bracing myself for the serious work of answering some thirty letters. During some hours, now, I shall be steadily declining—I always decline, & keep on declining, on these correspondence-clearing occasions.

~~1.~~ I have to decline to lecture; ^& to furnish autographic "sentiments;" & to write articles for periodicals; & to read & give a "candid opinion" upon manuscripts submitted by strangers—& so on, & so on. [*in margin:* PRIVATE.] This goes on, week in & week out, & is almighty irksome & monotonous. I went to Europe mainly to get rid of my inane, brain-softening letter-answering.^

~~2.~~

Think of having to say the same things over & over & over again, every week. Tiresome? That is the word. It does not anger me, it only makes me low-spirited. These letters are compliments, consequently one cannot disrespect them. But constantly answering the very same questions in the very same way is another form of climbing a treadmill—you seem to be nearing the top, but you're not. In the first two weeks after my arrival in America, I was requested by five strangers, living in different parts of the country, to read & judge their MS books & "use my influence" to get publishers for them. These MS, combined, aggregated 11,000 pages. If I had laid aside *every*thing else, it would have taken me three steady weeks to read them. It is no trouble to say No, to this request—the difficulty is to say it in such a way as not to hurt. You see it is hard to *seem* gentle when you are not, but only *ought* to be. Apprentice-lawyers, doctors & preachers have to *pay* for their training: ours is the only reputable trade where the apprentice impudently demands

compliments & wages right in the start. No ink is black enough to paint my ~~con~~ detestation of these devils. Would one of them venture to ask wages as brakeman of a freight-train, without previous training? The stupidest of them would see the absurdity of that, but he sees no absurdity in bringing his ponderous armament of ignorance & leather-headedness to bear upon "literature" & requiring wages for it.

But I must switch off—I see this subject stretching out before me in a sort of endless way. It is matter for a ream of paper—not a letter-sheet. I must not get interested in it & so neglect to answer & decline the ^30^ propositions heretofore referred to.

You must stop over here, either going or coming—make up your mind to that. From present appearances we shall still be on the hill the middle of October; & mind you bring Mollie along—I have a powerful desire to see her. I'll tell you about the book when you come, if we can't find anything interesting to talk about. In effect, the book is finished—& with the last pen-stroke on a book, my interest in it totally & permanently dies.

Charley's sketch is pretty good; but I think there is something more of promise in it than performance. I judge he has the gift, & that training will bring success—nothing but steadfast & pains-taking training *ought* to, in anybody's case—else where would be the justice to them that *do* train? Training is raising him on the "World" (I was mighty glad to hear ~~that)~~ of his advancement) & nothing but training *could* have accomplished that. Talent is useless without training, thank God—as Anna Dickinson may yet discover before she gets done trying to skip to the top-round of tragedy at a bound.

But I mustn't go on gossiping with you now—wait till you come, & then we will unbudget. With a power of love from all of us to the Fairbankses,

Yrs

Sam^{l}.

To Ainsworth R. Spofford
26 September 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: DLC, #01693)

Elmira, N. Y.
Sept. 26/79.

A. R. Spofford, Esq
Librarian of
Congress.

D^r. Sir:

I desire to enter, for copyright, a book entitled
"A Tramp Abroad,"
a printed title page I enclose herewith—together with the legal fee.

Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens
("Mark Twain")

To Unidentified
October 1879 • Unknown place

(TS: Swann Galleries catalog,
18 March 1971, item 254, #09746)

254 TWAIN, MARK. Autograph sentiment on card about 3 x 5 inches. With both signatures, Clemens & Twain, dated. Matted with photograph of Twain. Oct. (18)79

"The man of judgment doth not bet on threes when there is a flush out against him. Truly yours, S. L. Clemens, Mark Twain. Oct. 79."

To John W. Sanborn
1 October 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.

(TS: John W. Sanborn, *Distinguished Authors,* 1920, p. 9, #10422)

Elmira, Oct. 1.

Dear Sir:

I have read the little book through, & greatly enjoyed it. I like the straightforward simplicity of its language. The Indian idea of creation is more picturesque & poetical than the Biblical one; Handsome Lake's heaven is much more attractive & reasonable than the one in Revelations; & among other striking things in the book it is curious to note that the dark-complectioned woman who descended to the watery world was provided with children by miraculous, (& let us hope, immaculate) conception. It is an odd coincidence. With many thanks for the entertaining little volume, I am

Truly yours,

S. L. Clemens.

To William Dean Howells
1? October 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: MH-H, #01695)

My Dear Howells:

If you should find you do not need this for the Contributor's Club, will you please return it to me, as they want it for the Christian Union?

Yrs Ever

Mark.

To Joseph H. Twichell
2 October 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: CtY-BR, #01696)

The Farm, Oct. 2/79.

Dear Joe:

George retains his place with us.

His disposition to gallantry has made us say once or twice that we wanted no more colored cooks around until he should experience a change of heart; but we hanker for them, nevertheless, & your letter makes us want to try the one you mention.

1. Will you give us an idea of her wages, Joe?

2. Is she *tidy?*—because when a colored cook *is* untidy she is likely to be intemperate in it.

Now if you don't mind answering these two questions, Joe, favorably, Livy will tackle the candidate by letter & do the rest of the thing herself.

[*in pencil:* ⌊ OVER ⌋]

[*on verso, in pencil:*

3. Can Harmony recommend her as a good cook? Never mind her morals; is she a good cook?]

And there is one question which *I* would like answered: Is she old enough, or grave enough,—or above all, strong enough & wise enough, to resist George's fascinations?

You see, George is going to live with his wife again,—unless we get a cook to his taste. I *want* him to live with ~~her;~~ ^his wife;^ it curtails her immoralities, by diminishing her time for them.

I am revising my MS. I did not expect to like it, ^(the MS)^ but I do. I have been knocking out early chapters for more than a year, now,—~~sim~~ not because they had not merit, but merely because they hindered the flow of the narrative; it was a dredging process; day before yesterday my shovel fetched up three more chapters & laid them reeking on the festering shore-pile of their predecessors, & now I think the yarn swims right along, without hitch or halt. I believe it will be a readable book, ^of travels.^ I cannot see that it lacks anything but information.

The newspapers say Mr. Francis Gillette has passed away; but as we have received letters from you, & Charley Warner, & Lilly Warner, & Mrs. Perkins

since the newspapers said it (I believe,) we are fain to hope it was some one else, of the same name.

You have run about a good deal, Joe, but you have never seen any place that was so divine as the Farm. Why don't you come here & take a foretaste of heaven?

With love to Harmony & yourself & the seven little ones,

Yrs Ever

Mark.

2 hours later. The fields and woods down in the ravine took fire & climbed the hill, sending such a great & threatening firmament of smoke through my windows that I gathered my MSS together, tied strings around them & prepared for a speedy desertion of my study. I saw Livy, Sue, & all the farm folks carrying water down the hill, meantime. By the time I was ready to help, the danger was over.

To William Dean Howells
9 October 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: NN-B, #02535)

Elmira, Oct. 9/79.

My Dear Howells:

Your letter brought me vast relief. It had been my intention to mark that religious squib "Private," but I forgot it, & so was tortured with the fear that it might fall into the hands of the family. One cannot be too careful how he quotes from the Bible, for he may bring a blush where he would be far from wishing to cause such a thing.

Since my return, the mail facilities have enabled Orion to keep me informed as to his intentions. Twenty-eight days ago it was his purpose to complete a work aimed at religion, the preface to which he had already written. Afterward he began to sell off his furniture, with the idea of hurrying to Leadville ^& tackling silver-mining^—threw up his law den & took in his sign. Then he wrote to Chicago & St Louis newspapers asking for a situation as "paragrapher"—enclosing a taste of his quality in the shape of two stanzas of "humorous rhymes," ~~(~~ so labored, so witless, so dreary (I have a copy) as to compel*l* the compassion of the unkindest reader. But only a brute could smile at this eruption of fetid hilarity. By a later mail on the same day he applied to New York & Hartford insurance companies for copying to do.

^However, it would take too long to detail all his projects. They comprise a removal to south-west Missouri; application for a reporter's berth on a Keokuk paper; application for a ~~cap~~ compositor's berth on a St Louis paper; a re-hanging of his attorney's sign, "though it only creaks, & catches no flies;" but last night's letter informs me that he has re-tackled the religious question, hired a distant den to write in, applied to my mother for $50 to re-buy his furniture, which has advanced in value since the sale—purposes buying $25 worth of ~~◇◇◇~~ ^^ books ^necessary to his labors,^ which he had previously been borrowing,^ & his first chapter is already on its way to me for my decision as to whether it has enough ungodliness in it or not. Poor Orion!

Your letter struck me while I was meditating a project to beguile you, & John Hay & Joe Twichell into a descent upon Chicago which I dream of making, to witness the re-union of the great Commanders of the Western army Corps on the 9th of next month. My sluggish soul needs a fierce upstirring, & if it would not get it when Grant enters the meeting-place I must

doubtless "lay" for the final resurrection. Can you & Hay go? At the same time, consound it, I doubt if I can go myself, for this book isn't done yet. But I would give a heap to be there.

[*about 5 lines (25 words) torn away*]

I do hope ~~he~~ ^Hay^ will be elected; in any case he will deserve his country's gratitude for trying. Gratitude is the right term—I thought it out before saying it. When such men come forward, it has a good influence, for it emboldens other men of like stamp to do likewise. I mean to heave some holiness into the Hartford primaries when I go back; & if there was a solitary office in the land which majestic ignorance & incapacity, coupled with purity of heart, could fill, I would run for it. This naturally reminds me of Bret Harte—but let him pass.

We propose to leave here for New York Oct. 21, reaching Hartford 24th or 25th. If, upon reflection, you Howellses find you *can* stop over here on your way, I wish you would do it, & telegraph me. Getting pretty hungry to see you. I had an idea that this was your shortest way home, but like as not my geography is crippled again—it usually is. The Madam & I join in love to you both. Mrs. Clemens wants to add a special word of invitation to Mrs. Howells, but I tell her that as she is abed Mrs. Howells will receive it from me & harbor no hard feelings.

Ys Ever
Mark.

To Frederick Schweppe
13 October 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: CtHMTH, #01698)

. . . .

[*enclosure:*]
$250^{00}

Elmira, N. Y. Oct. 13/79.

Messrs. Geo. P. Bissell & Co.
Bankers,
Hartford.

Please pay to the order of Mr. Frederick Schweppe Two hundred & fifty Dollars & charge to ac/ of

S. L. Clemens

[*enclosure endorsed:*] Fredrick Schweppe [*and stamped:*] PAID GEO. P. BISSELL & CO., HARTFORD, CT.

To Pierre D. Peltier
14 October 1879 • Elmira, N.Y.
(MS: CtHMTH, #01699)

Elmira, Oct. 14.

P. D. Peltier, Esq.

Dear Sir:

Please receive my best thanks for the invitation to meet the Atlanta soldiers & the Putnams. I was on the point of starting when a committee requested me to remain here & introduce General Joseph R. Hawley to a political mass meeting. This was a great surprise to me, for I had supposed the man was comparatively well known. I shall remain, of course, & shall do what I can to blow the fog from around his fame. Meantime will you kindly see that the portion of your banquet which I should be allowed to consume if I were present is equitably distributed among the public charities of our several States and Territories? I would not that any partiality be shown on account of political creed or geographical position, but would beg that all the crates be of the same heft.

I am glad to add my voice to yours in welcoming the Georgians to Hartford. Personal contact & communion of Northerners & Southerners over the friendly board will do more toward obliterating sectional lines & and restoring mutual respect and esteem than any other thing that can be devised. We cannot meet thus too often; for whereas we meet as Northerners and Southerners, we grow in breadth and stature, meantime, & part as *Americans*. There is not any name among the world's nationalities that can oversize that one.

Sincerely hoping that our guests will receive a welcome at our town's hands which will cause them to forget the length of their journey & make them willing to come again,

I am

Truly Yours

S. L. Clemens.

To George Baker
27 October 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, draft: CU-MARK, #02408)

Hartford, Connecticut,
Oct. 27∅, 1879.

Geo. Baker, Esq

Dear Sir:

We reached America 6 or 8 weeks ago, & came home to Hartford last week. I had the music box∅ unpacked at once, & suffered a grievous disappointment.

Don't you remember? The box I ordered was to be like the one ~~that~~ you played on in the back room—the room through which you pass to go to the workshop where the music-master was writing some sheet-music. You played on only one box in that room, (there were boxes of various prices, but *it* was the only 2000 *f* box in the house,) & the next day you played it again, for Mrs. Clemens & the young lady. That box had no *drum* in it; it had no *bells or gongs;* it produced *no tinkling music-box sounds*. It produced no sounds whatever but richly blended *continuous* chords, like a number of violins playing softly together, with the *vox humana* threading its way through them.

As I have said, there were no tinklings, no bells, no drums. But the instrument you have sent me *has,* alas! I have talked so much about my wonderful *f* box that was coming, that descriptions of it have wandered about among the newspapers from here to California—but alas! ~~If~~ Well, the descriptions were all right enough, & I could have shown the people a box that would ~~have~~ justifyied all those praises, if no mistake had been made in constructing it.

~~Whi~~

What shall we do? Will you build me the right ∅ instrument, with nothing in it but violins & vox humana? And ~~will must I pay the freight & duties again, the error not being mine~~ but yours?—or will you ~~pay them~~?

And what shall I do with this present box?—ship it back to you?

It was splendidly packed, but no matter, the ships and railways managed to break the strong bolt that fastened the row of bells at the right hand end short off, & also two of the teeth of the short bass comb at the left-hand end. I was afraid to touch it, but sent for a Swiss who used to work on musical

boxes at home, & he said the injuries could be easily repaired. He removed the corks & cards & put the box through its paces, & it discoursed ~~music~~ excellent music, but it wasn't the kind I wanted—I wanted violins & vox humana *exclusively*—as originally agreed upon. I have put the box in a vacant bedroom & locked it in—nobody can get at it to handle it.

If this box ~~goes~~ back to you, I suppose there would ~~be~~ *no* ~~duties~~ on the one which came in its place. ~~Our Consul of~~ Geneva, Mr. L. T. Adams, will ~~know about that~~.

Hoping for an early reply, I am

Dear Sir
Very Truly ~~f~~ Yours
S. L. Clemens.

To William Dean Howells
27 October 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS: MH-H, #01700)

Hartford Oct. 27/79

My Dear Howells—

Will I come? O *hell*-yes!—as the en⊘ergetic Arkansaw student said to Rev. ~~Tw~~ Joe Twichell in the Black Forest when Joe asked him if he was home-sick. O *hell*yes! I'll come a day or two before the 3d (if Mrs. Clemens will permit), & stay a day or two after it *any*way.

Hang it, I wish John Hay & his wife would give *us* a call, next time they look in on you. David Gray is coming, by & by, & you must see him & get better acquainted with that rare spirit. By the way, in my letter to you, speaking of Hay, I said "The presence of such a man in politics is like a vase of attar of roses in a glue-factory—it can't extinguish the stink, but it modifies it." Mrs. Clemens said, "That will apply to Gen. Hawley, too—take it out of your letter & put it in your speech when you introduce Hawley to his audience—your speech *needs* a snapper on the end of it, for it flats out, as it is at present—& just say *stench,* that is strong enough." It was pretty good advice, & I followed it.

Orion is really writing quite a readable book. He uses an assumed name—fearing to injure me with pious people if he used his own—& he goes for religion in a very capable & dignified way.

Mrs. Clemens usually helps me beat ingenious autograph-hunters like the enclosed, but her hands are frightfully full, just now. Will you ask Winnie or John to write on the postal cards & ship them. Let both be dated ~~Boston~~ ^Hartford,^ & signed "S L Clemens—Per J. L. McWilliams." I have written form of reply across the end of one of the cards & at the bottom of the note-sheet. It is wonderful how that little "per" does take the stuffing out of an autograph.

We-all send a power of love to you-all.

Yrs Ever

Mark.

Warner says your new book is your best yet, according to Mrs. Howells's judgment. You can imagine how that gratified us.

To Robert M. Howland
27 October 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS facsimile, correspondence card: CU-MARK, #07428)

SLC

Hartford, Oct. 27.

Dear old Bob—

They are the sweetest little rascals!—& what a dear good face Edith has. The little fat rascal on the half-shell captures everybody's admiration, from her perch on our library mantel-piece.

I am ashamed to say we haven't a picture of any member of this family—but we are *always* going to get some taken, & whenever we do, I will ship some to you. We both send love (not regards) to *you* both—& be sure you come & see us again.

Ever your old friend.
S. L. Clemens

P. S. We are planning to come to San Francisco some time next year.

To Albert J. Scott
27 October 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: ICN, #01701)

Hartford, Oct. 27.

Dear Sir:

1. Began to write for a local public in the fall of 1862—& for the ^general^ American public in 1865 or '66 ("Jumping Frog" &c).

2. Don't remember "Science & the Mississippi," by that title. Wrote a lot of Mississippi River articles for the Atlantic about four (or three) years ago.

3. I wrote the review of the poet Hammond's works. An admirable singer.

Truly Yrs

S. L. Clemens

To Orion Clemens
27–30 October 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(Transcript in Orion Clemens to Jane Lampton Clemens, 3 November 1879: CU-MARK, #01703)

. . . .

My Dear Bro:

I like the MS. very much. I have penciled some emendations & suggestions in it here and there. You have spoken lightly here and there; don't do that; keep your strain keyed up in all its parts to the dignity which is the general characteristic of the whole.

And put the *bread & butter* idea clear out of your head. Write your treatise for the love of it, not for what it will bring. The bread & butter thought is simply fatal to literary work. Write with the idea that you are on a salary, that the salary is secure, & that you need not bother about it; consider & remember that Livy & I never bother about it, Perkins don't bother about it, nobody bothers about it. Therefore why should you?

Oct. 29.

All right. I will return both batches of MS. to you together when you notify me.

I shall be at the Grant banquet & festivities in Chicago the 12th & 13th of November, and would run over to Keokuk, but shall have to rush home immediately, for my proof-reading will have to stand still (& my book, too) while I am gone.

Yr. Bro.

Sam.

To William E. Strong
28 October 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: CU-MARK, #01702)

SLC/MT FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD.

Oct. 28, 1879~~8~~.

Gen. W^m. E. Strong, Ch'n,
and Gentlemen of the Committee:

I have been hoping during several weeks that it might be my good fortune to receive an invitation to be present on that great occasion in Chicago; but now that my desire is accomplished my business matters have so shaped themselves as to bar me from being so far from home in the first half of November. It is with supreme regret that I lose this chance, for I have not had a thorough stirring up for some years, & I judged that if I could be in the banqueting hall & see & hear the veterans of the Army of the Tennessee at the moment that their old commander entered the room or rose in his place to speak, my system would get the kind of upheaval it needs. General Grant's progress across the continent is of the marvelous nature of the returning Napoleon's progress from Grenoble to Paris; & as the crowning spectacle in the one case was the meeting with the Old Guard, so, likewise, the crowning spectacle in the other will be our great captain's meeting with *his* Old Guard—& that is the very climax which I wanted to witness.

Besides, I wanted to see the General again, anyway, ~~&~~ and renew the acquaintance. He would remember me, because I was the person who did not ask him for an office. However, I consume your time, & also wander from the point—which is, to thank you for the courtesy of your invitation, & yield up my seat at table to some other guest who may possibly grace it better but will certainly not appreciate its privileges more than I should.

With great respect,
I am, Gentlemen,
Very Truly Yours,
S. L. Clemens.

Private:—I beg to apologise for my delay, gentlemen, but the card of invitation went to Elmira, N. Y., & hence has only just now reached me.

To L. T. Adams
29 October 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, draft: CU-MARK, #01704)

SLC/MT FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD.

Conn., Oct. 29.

L. T. Adams, Esq

Dear Sir: ~~I am~~ Being under the impression that I am personally acquainted with you, I am going to venture to write you a rather private sort of note.

The enclosed letter is the rough draft of one which I have just mailed to Mr. Geo. Baker, manager for M. Troll, fils, 6 rue Bonivard, Geneva. It explains itself.

To Joseph Blackburn Jones
30 October 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS: Thomson, #12006)

Hartford, Oct. 30. P. M.

My Dear Jones:

Col. Tuttle's letter came yesterday, just after I had written a letter to Gen. ~~Strong accepting~~ Strong declining the invitation to the Banquet—& it had cost me a pang, too, for I had been yearning to be there, but my book is with the printers, I was pressed for time, the journey was long, the weather likely to be severe, &c &c—so on the whole I thought I had better not venture to go. But Col. Tuttle's letter gave me an idea. The Woman subject was one I had responded to twice in the U. S. & once in London—I had worked that vein out—but nobody had ever responded to the *Babies,* & I judged I might be able to throw considerable light on that topic. I thought that if somebody made a good speech on Woman, a speech on Babies would follow after it with a happy appropriateness.

I studied over the subject an hour, & made some notes, to make sure that the topic was of good promise; *then* I telegraphed Col. Tuttle, asking permission to substitute The Babies for Woman—& at the same time I telegraphed Gen. Strong, accepting the invitation to the Banquet.

Now I *am* in a fix. Time crowds me so that every second is valuable to me, & yet I am not able to—to—~~to~~ well, to do anything. Have telegraphed Col. Tuttle again this morning, but I can't get an answer.

Has ^my^ suggestion given offense? It seems incredible. Nothing is commoner among banqueteers than to ask a change of toast^s^~~ts~~—nothing is commoner than to accord it. ~~Still, i~~^I^f I *have* offended, I simply didn't mean to—but if I have, will you please telegraph me a word & give me a chance to recal my acceptance of Gen. Strong's invitation, so that he will have plenty of time to offer my seat to another,—for, naturally, seats at that board will be pretty desirable, & none should be empty.

Well, to think that I put in two hours building 14 toasts to Babies, simply to select one from, and———well, let's talk about Tom Fitch, or Virginia City, & something else that is not mysterious, or mixed up, or perplexing!

Drop me a telegram—do. Solve this mystery.

Ever Your friend

Mark.

To Unidentified
November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, correspondence card: CU-SB, #12037)

SLC FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD.

Altered—(& amended) from the great & good Franklin:

Never put off till tomorrow what can be put off till day after tomorrow just as well.

Truly Yrs

S. L. Clemens

Mark Twain

Nov. '79.

To U. D.
5 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS and TS: Sotheby's, New York, October 1996, and
Paul C. Richards catalog, March 1964, item 72, #01706)

Hartford, Nov. 5.

I am sorry to be obliged to say to the committee that as I have several long journeys before me, just now, & a lot of book-revising to do, besides, I am not able to write the facts desired, even if autobiographizing would be a pleasant occupation for a diffident person (which is a little doubtful,) However, all that I could say in the matter you will find in "Men of the Time"—(London: Geo. Routledge & Sons,), & possibly in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors; (though I am not sure, in the latter case, as I have not seen the work, but only *heard* it was in it.) You will find these books in any of your public libraries.

With great respect,
I am
Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens

U. D. | Box 674 | W. K. Carson & Co. | Baltimore, Md.

To James W. McDaniel
5 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: MoHH, #11805)

Salute of Congratulation.

Hartford, Nov. 5/79

My Dear Jim:

Bless me, but it makes a body seem mighty old! The *25th* anniversary! Well, I wish you many happy returns of it. I go to Chicago next ~~well~~ week, & would certainly run over & compare gray heads with you if I had the time.

Truly Yr friend

S. L. Clemens

Mr. J. W McDaniel | Hannibal | Missouri [*postmarked:*] HARTFORD CONN. NOV 5 12M

To Hjalmar H. Boyesen
6 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: Sachs, #01707)

Hartford Nov. 6.

My Dear Boyesen:

Met a fine young fellow (Bacon) & he said I hadn't answered your letters. But I *did* answer 'em. One was after your ~~&~~ narrow escape on your homeward passage; the other was to congratulate you & Madame upon the arrival of the little Boyesen—wherein I instructed you that a few drops of peppermint & water would rob the baby of his precocious talent for smiling, since that mixture would relieve him of wind & thus remove the cause of the smile. Maybe I forgot to mail that letter, but I have dug into my memory & found that I wrote it, at any rate.

I meant to run over to Ithaca while I was in Elmira, but one thing & another (joined to native laziness) ~~& disinclination to travel)~~ put it off till it was at last too late.

We arrived safely ourselves, but our things are all broken. Our unpacking room looks like a furniture hospital.

We unite in warmest regards to you & Mrs. Boyesen & the intruder, & hope to see you again in the good providence of God. If you see any of the Sages we want to be remembered to them.

Faithfully Yours
S. L. Clemens

To William E. Strong
6 November 1879 • 1st of 2 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS facsimile: CU-MARK, #01708)

SLC/MT FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD.

Nov. 6, 1879.

Gen. W. E. Strong:

Dear Sir: I accept, with great pleasure, the invitation of the Army of the Tennessee to be present at their re-union, & banquet in honor of our illustrious General Grant.

Would you mind doing me a favor? Col. Tuthill, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, has written & asked me to respond to the toast to "Woman." I have replied, asking him to put another expert on that, & let me get up a toast to "The Babies." If you should see him, I wish you would say to him that if my proposition disorders the programme too much, let it slide; but if it doesn't, I think it is worth while to add the Babies to the show. Mainly, you see, it is *new*—the Babies have never yet had the slightest mention at a banquet, since Adam invented them. Plainly, this is not right. To neglect the Babies a *while,* is all right & proper—but enough of it is enough—let us draw the line at 6,000 years. I wish to holler for them—just this once. I like babies; I have had a baby myself—by proxy—indeed, two or three of them, & I am qualified to testify upon this great subject. Tell Tuthill to put this matter in my hands, & leave it there with the tranquil confidence which an enlightened man has in four aces,—he will say, himself, when I get through, "What bottomless deeps of learning this person has!"

Truly Yours

Mark Twain

To William E. Strong
6 November 1879 • 2nd of 2 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, correspondence card: IGa, #11633)

SLC FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD.

Nov. 6. ~~8~~ 1879.

Gen. W^m. E. Strong:

Dear Sir: I have secured a room (by telegram, over my *nom de plume,*) at the Palmer House, & shall arrive there next Monday morning.

Truly Yours

S. L. Clemens.

To Thomas Bailey Aldrich
7 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS: MH-H, #01709)

Hartford Nov 7/79.

My Dear Aldrich:

"On my "*return* to Hartford?" Now are you the Seven Sleepers transmigrated & Metempsychosised into *one*. For I returned to Hartford weeks ago—the papers have been ringing with it. But I am going to return again, ten or twelve days hence—from the Chicago blow-out—doubtless *that* is the "return" you refer to. And I had an assignation with that torpedo, or 15-inch shell, or whatever it is you liken him to, to spend 5 or 10 days with him on or about the 3d day of December, & help eat the Holmes breakfast; & I was charming myself with the prospect of renewing the asperities of Paris with you; but alas I bet I've got to put that hegira (good word) off a full month or month & a half——& if I didn't have a very good excuse,—yes, but I have, or may the old projectile blow me up for a false knave & no true Christian knight. I fully expect to have to stay at home & write the concluding chapters of that most lagging & hated book whilst Bliss tears out his few remaining hairs & rages for "copy." But we shall see.

Meantime, don't withdraw the invitation to Ponkapog, but spread it a little further over the almanac. For we are coming, father Abraham, & do not wish to be choused out of the chance.

I jumped into that Chicago business without sufficient reflection, & now that formidable winter-trip is before me & has to be taken; moreover, I have to start tomorrow, in order to ~~avoid~~ be ahead of the prodigious railway crowds. Charley Clark is just from there & says the hotels & boarding houses have already received 50,000 more applications than they can possibly accommodate. Yes, it's a good deal of a journey, but I would rather make two like it than miss the excitement there's going to be, there. We both send love to ye both.

Yrs Ever
Mark.

To Joseph Blackburn Jones
7 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: CtY-BR, #01710)

Hartford, Nov. 7.

My Dear Jones—

All right, my boy, I've engaged a room with a fire in it, at the Palmer ~~'~~House, & shall arrive there at 8 or 9 o'clock next Monday morning (~~th~~ my idea being to get in ahead of the big crowd on the railways if I can.) You drop in & see me.

Of course I shall come with my (impromptu) speech all tucked away in my memory, but you ^*must* be generous & not put me late.^

[*about 4 lines (25 words) cut away*]

I'm an old hand at this trade, & I know that when people have been listening to responses any *over* an hour & a half & still another fellow gets up on his hind legs & offers to open his mouth, he is likely to ^have to^ begin to dodge champagne bottles about that time. I don't reckon military ^folks^ differ from other banqueteers—they *all* want to kill the *late* speaker. In my stupidity I forgot, the other day, that "Woman" is always put politely at the tail-end of ~~of~~ the regular toasts—but *now* is a good time to advance her to an honorable place in the *centre* of the list, & ~~make~~ have the Chairman brag about this ~~prim~~ appreciative, this noble, this magnanimous conduct on the part of the Army of the Tennessee, first in war, first in peace, & first in the hearts of their countrywomen. You pour out some eloquence on Col. Tuthill about that, my boy. Of course the programme is already printed & can't be *re*-printed; but you just get the Chairman to say it was a mistake of the printer—let him rise above the paltry requirements of truth on an occasion so stately—let him proceed to curse that printer—let us all join in & help curse him—then let the Chairman state that the Committee decreed that Woman & the Babies should come Nos. 6 & 7 in the list, & they *shall* come ther^e^~~n~~ in spite of all the printers & other sons of sin & heirs of perdition in the world. That'll set the fashion—the *American* fashion—& effete Europe will gnash her teeth ~~th~~ to think she overlooked that chivalrous idea & lost the chance of inventing it.

Darn it, I want~~s~~ to have a good time; & how can I have a good time if I have to sit there two or three hours in the family way with my Babies & not

knowing whether I'm going to miscarry or not? Now see if it can't be fixed so I shan't have to go over my time & be delivered with instruments.

I should have taken you at your word & asked you to secure me a rattling good room at the Palmer House, (for I'm as fond of a good room as any old maid you ever saw,) but I thought maybe you might have your hands pretty full, so I telegraphed the hotel myself. If it should come convenient, I wish you would just inquire if it *is* a pretty fair sort of a room. At the same time a body will be lucky to get *any* kind of a room, I judge.

Well, I hope the General is going to be President again; & if signs go for anything he *is* going to be.

Ys Truly
S. L. Clemens

I was afraid Col. Tuthill did not like my trying to alter the plans, but suggestions by telegraph sound abrupt & impertinent when ones is farthest from intending such a thing.

To Charles E. Perkins
7 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: CU-MARK, #01711)

Nov. 7.

Mr Perkins—

D^r^ Sir—

Please examine this & if it is not in good & clear form please re-word it. I want the Pub. Co to be strictly bound ~~in ever~~ by my contract with Frank Bliss.

Ys Truly

S L Clemens

[*enclosure, in the hand of Francis E. Bliss:*]

Hartford Nov. 1. 1879

I hereby agree to the transfer by F. E. Bliss, of the contract for a book now existing between him & myself, to the American Publishing Co., in case he makes satisfactory arrangements with sd Co. for such transfer, provided sd Co. agree with him not to publish any other new book within 9 months from the time of the publication of my book

[*A copy of the* Tramp Abroad *contract, signed by SLC and Francis E. Bliss, is preserved with the letter*]

To Olivia L. Clemens
9 November 1879 • *en route* from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, Pa.

(MS, in pencil: Christie's, New York, December 1991, #11718)

In a hotel-car, 300 miles
west of Philadelphia,
11.30 Sunday morning.

This is a mean place to write in, Livy darling, so I will only attempt a line. Shall telegraph you from Pittsburg, which we are approaching. Dan says the Scrap Book is booming—can't fill the orders. I've got that engraving invention fixed so I can take it & pay for it when I get back.

This is a very nice car. Slept pretty well last night, & had a pretty good breakfast this morning. I do hope you slept well, but am afraid you didn't. You must have Emily Perkins or some other quiet body with you.

Well, I love you, *love* you, darling. Give my love to our Bays. And kiss Motley for me

Saml

Mrs. S. L. Clemens | Hartford | Conn. [*note by George H. Warner:*] He is a jolly travelling companion. A goodbye to you. | G. H. W. [*return address:*] IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN 10 DAYS, TO BE RETURNED TO [*postmarked:*] M. & PITT [*remainder illegible*] [*and*] HARTFORD CONN. REC'D. NOV 10 7 PM.

To Olivia L. Clemens
11 November 1879 • 1st of 2 • Chicago, Ill.

(MS, in pencil: Christie's, New York,
December 1991, #01712)

Palmer House, Nov. 11.

Livy darling, George & I walked over 76 miles, yesterday, round about the town, & inspecting the outsides of beautiful ~~dw~~ & costly dwellings, & the water-works machinery, the ~~fair decor~~ street-decorations for the Grant reception, & so forth, & had a good time. He went west last night, & I went to three theatres with a lot of newspaper men; staid but a few minutes at two of them, but saw a whole act at the third. It was the first act of Pinafore, admirably done by children—*little* children, like ours. The characters were most excellently taken—it was a marvel to see it. The singing was ~~quite~~ often delightful.

I was home & in bed at ~~Ø~~ 10 o'clock. Drank 11 gallons of Appolinaris water & 1 glass of lager during the evening; drank one Scotch whisky in bed, read 2 hours, & went to sleep without needing the other punch.

I love you darling
Sam[l].

Mrs. S. L. Clemens | Hartford, | Conn [*return address, number circled in pencil:*] IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN (10) DAYS, TO BE RETURNED TO [*postmarked:*] CHICAGO ILL. NOV 11 2PM [*and*] HARTFORD CONN. REC'D. NOV 13 11A.M. [*docketed by Olivia L. Clemens:*] Nov. 11/——

To Olivia L. Clemens
11 November 1879 • 2nd of 2 • Chicago, Ill.
(MS, in pencil: Davis and CtHMTH, #01713)

Chicago, Nov. 11.
Palmer House

Livy darling, I am getting a trifle leg-weary. D^r. Jackson called & dragged me out of bed at noon, yesterday, & then went off. I went down stairs & was introduced to some scores of people, & ~~pr~~ among them an elderly German gentleman named Raster, who said his wife owed her life to me—hurt in the Chicago fire & lay menaced with death a long time, but the Innocents Abroad kept her mind in a cheerful attitude, & so, with the doctor's help for the body she pulled through—she had said yesterday morning, "Mark Twain is here, that more interests me than Grant & all the others." There was something very hearty & simple & winning about this German gentleman, & when he asked me to drive with him & home & give his wife a surprise I said all right, & we jumped into a hack & drove there & had a pipe & a bottle of Rhein wine & a cordial fifteen-minute visit with madam. Then they drove me to D^r. Jackson's & I had an hour's visit with Mrs. Jackson. Started to walk ~~hotel~~ down Michigan Avenue, got a few steps on my way & met an erect, soldierly looking young gentleman who offered his hand, said "Mr. Clemens, I believe—I wish to introduce myself—you were pointed out to me yesterday as I was driving down street—my name is Grant."

"Col. Fred. Grant?"

"Yes. My ~~of~~ house is not ten steps away, & I would like you to come & have a talk & a pipe, & ~~s~~ let me introduce my wife."

So we turned back & entered the house next to Jackson's & talked something more than an hour and smoked many pipes & had a sociable good time. His wife is very gentle & intelligent & pretty, & they have a cunning little girl nearly as big as Bay but only 3 years old. They wanted me to come in & spend an evening, after the banquet, with them & Gen. Grant after this grand pow-wow is over, but I said I was going home Friday. Then they asked me to come ~~to~~ Friday afternoon, when they & the General will receive a few friends, & I said I would. Col. Grant said he & Gen. Sherman used the Innocents Abroad as their guide book when they were on their travels.

I stepped in next door & took D^r^ Jackson to the hotel & we played billiards from 7 till 11Ø. 30 PM & then went to a beer mill to meet ~~the~~ some twenty Chicago journalists—talked, sang songs & made speeches till 6 o'clock this morning. Nobody got in the least degree "under the influence," & we had a pleasant time. Read & a while in bed, slept till 11, shaved, went to breakfast at noon, & by mistake got into the servants' hall. However, I remained there & breakfasted with twenty or thirty male & female servants, though I had a table to myself.

A temporary structure, clothed & canopied with flags, had been erected at the hotel front, & connected with the second story windows of a drawing room. It was for Gen. Grant to stand on & review the procession. Sixteen persons, besides reporters, had tickets for this place, & a seventeenth was issued for me. I was there, looking down on the packed & struggling crowd when Gen. Grant came forward & was saluted by the cheers of the multitude & the waving of ladies' handkerchiefs—for the windows & roofs of all neighboring buildings were massed full of life. Gen. Grant bowed to the people two or three times, then approached my side of the platform & the mayor pulled me forward & introduced me. It was dreadfully conspicuous. ~~I said~~ The General said a word or so—I replied, & then said, "But I'll step back, General, I don't want to interrupt your speech."

"But I'm not going to make any—stay where you are—I'll get you to make it for me."

Gen. Sherman came on the platform wearing the uniform of a full General, & you should have heard the cheers. Gen. Logan was going to introduce me, but I didn't want any more conspicuousness.

When the head of the procession passed it was grand to see Sheridan, in his military cloak & his plumed chapeau, sitting as erect & rigid as a statue on his immense black horse—by far the most martial figure I ever saw. And the crowd roared again.

It was chilly, & Gen. Deems lent me his overcoat until night. He came a few minutes ago—5. 45 P.M., & got it, but brought Gen. Willard, who lent me his for the rest of my stay, & will get another for himself when he goes home to dinner. M*y*ine is much too heavy for this warm weather.

I have a seat on the stage at Haverley's Theatre, to-night, where the Army of the Tennessee will receive Gen. Grant, & where Gen. Sherman will make a speech. At midnight I am to attend a meeting of the Owl Club.

I love you ever so much, my darling, & am hoping to get a word from you *yet*.

Sam^{l}

Mrs. S. L. Clemens | Hartford, | Conn [*return address:*] IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN 10 DAYS, TO BE RETURNED TO [*postmarked:*] CHICAGO ILL. NOV 13 7AM [*and*] HARTFORD CONN. REC'D. NOV 15 7AM [*docketed by Olivia L. Clemens:*] Nov 11/——

To Olivia L. Clemens
12 November 1879 • Chicago, Ill.
(MS, in pencil: CU-MARK, #01714)

Chi[c]ago, Nov. 12./79.

Livy darling, it was a great time. There were perhaps ~~twenty~~ ^thirty^ people on the stage of the theatre, & I think I never sat elbow-to-elbow with so many historic names before. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield, Pope, ^Logan,^ Auger, & so on. What an iron man Grant is! He sat facing the house, with his right leg crossed over his left & his right boot-sole tilted up at an angle, & his left hand & arm reposing on the arm of his chair—you note that position? Well, when glowing references were made to *other* grandees on the stage, those grandees always showed a trifle of nervous consciousness—& as these references came frequently, the nervous changes of position & attitude were also frequent. But Grant!—*he* was under a tremendous & ceaseless bombardment of praise & gratulation, but as true as I'm a sitting here he never moved a muscle of his body for a single instant, during 30 minutes! You could have played him on a stranger for an effigy. Perhaps he never *would* have moved, but at last a speaker made such a particularly ripping & blood-stirring remark about him that the audience rose & roared & yelled & stamped & clapped an entire minute—Grant sitting as serene as ever—when Gen. Sherman stepped to him, laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder, bent ~~his~~ respectfully down & whispered in his ear. Then Grant got up & bowed, & the storm of applause swelled into a hurricane. He sat down, took about the same position & froze to it till by & by there was another of those deafening & protracted roars, when Sherman made him get up & bow again. He broke up his attitude once more—to the extent of something more than a hair's breadth—to indicate me to Sherman when the house was keeping up a determined & persistent call for me, & poor bewildered Sherman, (who did not know me,) was peering abroad over the packed audience for me, not knowing I was only three feet from him & most conspicuously located. ^(Gen. Sherman was Chairman.)^

One of the most illustrious individuals on that stage was "old Abe," the historic war eagle. He stood on his perch—the old savage-eyed rascal—three or four feet behind Gen. Sherman, & as he had been in nearly every battle that was mentioned by the orators his soul was probably stirred pretty often, though he was too proud to let on.

Read Logan's bosh, & try to imagine a burly & magnificent Indian, in General's uniform, striking a heroic attitude & getting that stuff off in the style of a declaiming school-boy.

———

Please put the enclosed scraps in the drawer & I will scrap-book them.

I only staid at the Owl Club till 3 this morning & drank little or nothing. Went to sleep without whisky. Ich liebe dich.

Saml.

[*in margin:*] Sentinels walked the stage all the evening.

Mrs. S. L. Clemens | Hartford | Conn [*return address:*] IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN 10 DAYS, TO BE RETURNED TO [*postmarked:*] CHICAGO ILL. NOV 13 3 PM [*and*] HARTFORD CONN. REC'D. NOV 15 11 AM

[*docketed by Olivia L. Clemens:*] Nov 12/79

To Olivia L. Clemens
14 November 1879 • Chicago, Ill.
(MS, in pencil: CU-MARK, #01715)

Chicago, Nov. 14/79,

A little after 5 in the *morning*.

I've just come to my room. Livy darling, I guess this was the memorable night of my life. By George, I never was so stirred since I was born. I heard four speeches which I can never forget. One by Emory Storrs, one by Gen. Vilas (O, wasn't it wonderful!) one by Gen. Logan (mighty stirring), one by somebody whose name escapes me, & one by that splendid old soul, Col. Bob Ingersoll,—oh, it was just the supremest combination of English words that was ever put together since the world began. My soul, how handsome he looked, as he stood on that table, in the midst of those 500 shouting men, & poured the molten silver from his lips! Lord, what an organ is human speech when it is played by a master! All these speeches may look dull in print, but how the lightnings glared around them when they were uttered, & how the crowd roared in response! ~~Ah,~~ It was a great night, a marvelous night, a memorable night. I am so richly repaid for my journey—& how I did ~~long~~ wish with all my whole heart that you were there to be lifted into the very seventh heaven of enthusiasm, as I was. The army songs, the military music, the crashing applause—Lord bless me, it was unspeakable.

Out of compliment they placed me last in the list—No. 15—I was to "hold the crowd"—& bless my life I was in awful terror when No. 14 rose at 2 o'clock this morning & killed *all* the enthusiasm by delivering the flattest, insipidest, silliest of all responses to "Woman" that ever a weary multitude listened to. There wasn't a sign of applause & the man ended almost in funereal silence. Then Gen. Sherman (Chairman) announced my toast, & the crowd gave me a good round of applause as I mounted on top of the dinner ta*f*ble, but it was only on account of my name, nothing more,—they were all tired & wretched. They let my first sentence go in silence, till I paused & added "we stand on common ground"—then they burst forth like a hurricane & I saw that I *had* them! From that time on, I stopped at the end of each sentence, & let the tornado of applause & laughter sweep around me,—& when I closed with "And if the child is but the prophecy of the man, there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded," *I* say it who oughtn't to say it, the house came down with a crash. For two hours & a half, now, I've been

shaking hands & listening to congratulations. Gen. Sherman said, "Lord bless you, my boy, I don't know how you do it—it's a secret that's beyond me—but it was ~~marvelous—but~~ ^great—^ ^give me your hand again.^" ~~—I wouldnt~~

And do you know, Gen. Grant sat through fourteen speeches like a graven image, but I fetched him! I broke him up, utterly! He told ~~me he told~~ me he laughed till the tears came & every bone in his body ached. (And do you know, the biggest part of the success of the speech lay in the fact that the audience *saw* that for once in his life he had been knocked out of his iron serenity.)

Bless your soul, 'twas immense. I never was so proud in my life. Lots & lots of people—hundreds, I might say—told me my speech was the triumph of the evening—which was a lie. Ladies, Tom, Dick & Harry—even the policemen—captured me in the halls & shook hands, & scores of army officers said "W~~h~~e shall always be ~~right do~~ grateful to you for coming." General Pope came to hunt me up—I was afraid to speak to him on that theatre stage, ^last night,^ thinking it ^~~n~~ might be presumptuous to tackle a man so high up in military history. Gen. Schofield, & other historic men, paid their compliments. Sheridan was ill & could not come, but I'm to go with a General of his staff & see him before I go to Col. Grant's. Gen. Augur—well, I've talked with them *all,* received invitations from them all—from people living everywhere—& as I said before, it's a memorable night. I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world.

But my sakes, you should have heard Ingersoll's~~! H~~ speech on that table! Half an hour ago he ran across me in the crowded halls & put his arms about me & said "Mark, if I live a hundred years, I'll always be grateful for ~~that~~ ^your^ speech—Lord what a supreme thing it was!" But I told him it wasn't any use to talk, *he* had walked off with the honors of that occasion by something of a majority. Bully boy is Ingersoll—traveled with him in the cars the other day, & you can make up your mind we had a good time.

Of *course* I forgot to go & pay for my hotel car & so secure it, but the army officers told me an ~~while~~ ^hour^ ago to rest easy, they would go at once, at this unholy hour of the night & compel the railways to do their duty by me, & said "You don't need to *request* the Army of the Tennessee to do your desires—you can *command* its services.

Well, I bummed around that banquet hall from 8 in the evening till 2 in the morning, talking with people & listening to speeches, & I never ate a single bite or took a sup of anything but ice water; so if I seem excited now, it is the intoxication of supreme enthusiasm. By george, it was a grand night, a historical night.

And now it is a quarter past 6 A.M.—so good bye & God bless you & the Bays, my darlings.

Sam^{l}.

Show it to Joe if you want to—I saw some of his friends here.

Mrs. S. L. Clemens | Hartford | Conn [*return address:*] IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN 10 DAYS, TO BE RETURNED TO [*postmarked:*] CHICAGO ILL. NOV 14 2PM [*and*] HARTFORD CONN. REC'D. NOV 17 7AM [*docketed by Olivia L. Clemens:*] Nov 14/79 Army of Tennessee Banquet

To Orion Clemens
14 November 1879 • Chicago, Ill.
(MS, in pencil: CU-MARK, #01716)

^*Private.*^

Chicago,—

My Dear Bro—

Well, it was a memorable night. I never shall see its like again. I never shall hear such speeches any more ~~in th~~ in this life—I don't b⌊e⌋lieve the human tongue can improve on them.

And I had a triumph^;~~, for~~ Gen. Grant sat pretty serenely through fourteen speeches, but I fetched him, I broke him up. He told me he laughed till his bones ached. Gen. Sherman said—well, never mind what he said, but he was mighty cordial & complimentary.

It was a great night, a memorable night.

I'm mighty sorry I can't go to Keokuk, but I must rush home right away. It is 7 in the morning, now, & I *must* go to bed & quit fooling.

This is all *strictly confidential & private*

With love to Mollie,

Yr Bro

Sam^ℓ.

To William Dean Howells
17 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: MH-H, #01718)

Hartford, Nov. 17/79.

My Dear Howells—

Just got home from Chicago at 2. 30 this morning, after a solid week of unpareleled dissipation. I was up all night Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights, & was in bed only four & five hours a day during three of those days—the first (Monday,) I was up at 6 A M & did not go to bed till 7 the next morning. Still, I have not at any time felt tired, and hardly even drowsy. But of course the fatigue is in me somewhere, & will begin to come to the surface now.

I wish you had gone out there,—you would have been glad all your life. I doubt if America has ever seen anything quite equal to it; I am well satisfied I shall not live to see its equal again. How pale those speeches are in print—but how radiant, how full of color, how blinding they were in the delivery! Bob Ingersoll's speech was sadly crippled by the proof-readers, but its music will sing through my memory always as the divinest that ever enchanted my ears. And I shall always see him as he stood that night on a dinner table, under the flash of lights & banners, in the midst of seven hundred frantic shouters, the most beautiful human creature that ever lived. "They fought that a mother might own her child"—the words look like any other [in] print, but Lord bless me, he borrowed the very accent of the angel of Mercy to say them in, & you should have seen that vast house rise to its feet, & ^& you should have^ heard the hurricane that followed. That's the *only* test!—people may shout, clap their hands, stamp, wave their napkins, but none but the master can make them *get up on their feet*.

I heard four speeches which carried away all my wits & made me drunk with enthusiasm. When I look at them in print they don't seem the same—their still sentences seem rather the prone dead forms of a host whom I had lately seen moving to the assault in the fire & smoke & tumult of battle, with flags flying & drums beating & the clarion voice of command ringing out above the thunder of the guns. Lord, there's nothing like the human organ to make words live & throb, & lift the hearer to the full altitudes of their meaning.

But—what I set out to say was, I can't talk before those ladies because I'm not going to have the time. If I had the time, & *could* talk about the ~~hun~~ wonders I saw in Chicago, & those ladies cared for anything so uninstructive, I'd do that; but I couldn't, for I choke up with the mere memory of it—to talk of it would simply be impossible. Imagine what it was like, to see a bullet-~~str~~ shredded old battle-flag reverently unfolded to the gaze of a thousand middle-aged soldiers ^most of^ whom^ hadn't seen it since they saw it advancing over victorious fields ^when they were in their prime. And imagine what it was like when Grant, their first commander, stepped into view while they were still going mad over the flag—& then right in the midst of it all, somebody struck up "When we were Marching through Georgia." Well, you should have heard the thousand voices lift that chorus & seen the tears stream down. If I live a hundred years I shan't ever forget these things—nor be able to talk about them. I shan't ever forget that I saw Phil Sheridan, with martial cloak & plumed chapeau, riding his big black horse in the midst of his own cannon—by all odds the superbest figure of a soldier *I* ever looked upon.

Grand times,, my boy, grand times. Gen. Grant sat at the banquet like a statue of iron & listened without the faintest suggestion of emotion to fourteen speeches which tore other people all to shreds, but when I lit in with the fifteenth & last, his time was come! I shook him up like dynamite & he sat there fifteen minutes & laughed & cried like the mortalest of mortals. But bless you I had measured this unconquerable conqueror, & went at my work with the confidence of conviction, for I knew I could lick him. He told me he had shaken hands with 15,000 people that day & come out of it without an ache or pain, but that my truths had racked all the bones of his body apart. General Sherman said—well, no matter what he said, but it was mighty hearty & flattering, & most admirably worded—for he knows how to handle English.

But this postscript is extending itself too much. Its object is—now that I seem to have got down to it—to wail over the fact that my proof-sheets have begun to pile in on me at last, & *that* means, the dozen closing chapters of my book have got to be ~~written now~~ tackled now & stuck to without interruption till they are all written & completed—& this bars me out of the Holmes breakfast & my visit with you; & I just can't bear to think of it. I've been imagining that visit, & the lovely talks in the lovely new house, & the delightful times we should have—& now it is all "up." But you've got to

extend the time, & allow me to come as soon as my confinement with this book is over & I'm able to be around again.

Yrs Ever

Mark.

To William M. Clemens
18 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(TS: Will M. Clemens, *Famous Funny Fellows,* 1882, p. 9, #01719)

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 18, 1879.

Will M. Clemens:

My Dear Friend—Your letter received. Lord bless your heart! I would like ever so much to comply with your request, but I am thrashing away at my new book, & am afraid that I should not find time to write my own epitaph in case I was suddenly called for.

Wishing you & your book well, believe me,

Yours truly,

Samuel L. Clemens.

To Theodore W. Crane
18 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: NN-B, #02536)

Hartford, Nov. 18.

Dear The—

In Chicago I had a talk with Dr. D'Unger, the famous curer of drunkenness & he gave me a pamphlet which I shall enclose to you. Now you write to him, mention my name, tell him I told you to do it, & buy a bottle of this stuff & try it on Perry. ~~im~~ I talked with some of the first people in Chicago, Generals in the army, &c, & they all spoke out cordially & said there was no question about it, this man's stuff has permanently cured hundreds of Chicago drunkards. You might save Perry—it is worth trying.

All well here—love to you all.

Yrs

Sam

To Mary Mason Fairbanks
18 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS: CSmH, #01731)

Tuesday.

Dear Mother—

I'll be danged if I ever seem to do anything right, & between you & me I'll be derned if I ever *do* do anything right—intentionally, I mean. But to come down to the solid facts, I made all my plans to stop over with you a day—going. Then I consulted my character, & believed I knew enough of myself to know that if I stopped I shouldn't go any further. Then I resolved to stop over, *returning*—but that was all busted up in Chicago, & I *couldn't.* There's millions of reasons, but it ain't any use to offer them to you, because they wouldn't have any weight with you. I have noticed that mothers are so unreasonable. It has been the way with all that *I*'ve ever had, & you are one of the very unreasonablest of the lot. The times I've noticed it!

But here comes Livy, & if I don't drop everything & run to dinner, of course there will be trouble in that quarter, next. You kiss Mollie for me, & pet her up—what is a Mother for but to heal a fellow's difficulties with—& tell her I'll be along by & by, *sure.* And you tell John & Mrs. John Hay not to venture to Washington without coming up here & seeing how bad a cook a body can get here for only three or four dollars a week. They already have my political support—what they need out of me, now, is a moral lift.

Livy has shut down on any further extension of this letter.

Lovingly,

Sam^{l}

But honestly, my *main* reason was that I left Livy all alone & almost worn out with house-settling. She hardly sleeps when I am away.

To Frank Fuller
with a note to Thomas L. James, New York Postmaster
18 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS: MoSW, #01721)

~~Monday.~~ ^Tuesday.^

Dear Gov—

Read the enclosed & *return it to me* so I can answer it. I want to know whether to decline or accept—& so, to act intelligently, I must know whether it is going to be an enormous occasion or only a moderate one. Who is Mr. Dawson, & what is he? If this is an occasion big enough to rake in Whales like Grant & Victoria's daughter, how is it that they construct an Invitation Committee out of such wordy, flippant & obscure timber as this Mr. Dawson? I never *heard* of him before. Isn't it barely possible that he is *expecting* a park of heavy artillery which won't arrive, & that he hopes to rope in my "Swamp Angel" on these false pretenses?

Look into this, Frank, will you? I can't afford to attend any but the very biggest kind of blow-outs—neither can I afford to *miss* the biggest kind of blow-outs.

With this family's warmest regards to you both—

Ys Ever

Mark.

Work this secretly——but you know how.

---

^Mr. James, have I got to put the *address* of the Windsor on, according to the new law, or will you let this go, just this once, & greatly oblige Yrs Truly M. T.

If not delivered, *please* return to "Mark Twain," Hartford, Ct.

Gov. Frank Fuller
Windsor Hotel
New York
N. Y.

I don't know the address.^

[*postmarked:*] HARTFORD CONN. NOV 18 4PM [*and*] NEW-YORK REC'D. NOV 19 1 PM 79 [*and*] H 11 19 8

To Pamela A. Moffett
18 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS: NPV, #01722)

Tuesday 18th

My Dear Sister—

I am such an entire & absolute unbeliever that I have no compunctions ~~about~~ as to Orion or any other full grown person; "The Bible for Learners" may cure him or kill him—a body can't tell which—but ~~I've sent it~~ I've ordered the publishers to send it to him—let's await the result.

You can get the audiphone & send bill to me if Ma wants to try it.

Yrs Bro

Sam

All well here & send love.

To the Editor of the Hartford *Courant*
22 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(TS and MS: Hartford *Courant,*
25 November 1879, p. 2, and Ct, #01725)

[*copy-text for 1.2–1.14 is the Hartford* Courant]
To the EDITOR *of* THE COURANT:—

SIR: The new postal regulation adds quite perceptibly to my daily burden of work. Needlessly, too—as I think. A day or two ago, I made a note of the addresses which I had put upon letters that day, & then ciphered up to see how many words the additional particularities of the new ruling had cost me. It was *seventy-two.* That amounts to just a page of my manuscript, exactly. If it were stuff that a magazine would enjoy, I could sell it & gradually get rich as time rolled on—as it isn't, I lose the time & the ink. I don't get a cent for it, the government grows no wealthier, I grow poorer, nobody in the world is benefited. Seventy-two words utterly wasted—& mind you, when a man is paid by the word, (at least by the page, which is the same thing) this sort of thing hurts. Here are one or two specimens from those addresses—with the unnecessary additions in italics:

[*copy-text for 1.14 to the end is MS*]
Editor "Atlantic Monthly,"
Care ^Messrs.^ Houghton Osgood & Co.,
Winthrop Square,
[*inserted in pencil:* not ital———] ~~Boston,~~
Mass.

Nine words wasted—I used to use only the first line & the word "Boston"—^and^ until the letter-carriers lose their minds the additional nine words can never become necessary.

Messrs. Arnold Constable & Co.,
Cor. 19th & B'way,
New York,
N. Y.

Six unnecessary words.

Gilsey House,
Cor. 29th & B'way
New York, N. Y.

Six unnecessary words.

Even the dead people in Boston & New York could tell a letter-carrier how to find these prominent houses. That same day I wrote a letter to a friend at the Windsor Hotel, New York—surely that house is prominent enough, ain't it? But I could not precisely name the side streets; neither did I know the name of the back street, nor the head cook's name. So that ~~dea~~ letter would have gone to the dead-letter office sure, if I hadn't covered it all over with an appeal to Mr. James to take it under his personal official protection & let it go to that man at the Windsor just this once & I would not offend any more.

Now you know, yourself, that ~~it~~ there is no need of an official decree to compel a man to make a letter-address full & elaborate where it is at all necessary—for the writer is more anxious that his letter shall go through than the Postmaster General can be. And when the writer can <u>not</u> supply those minute details, from lack of knowledge, the decree can't help him in the least. So, what is the use of the decree? As for ~~the~~ those common mistakes, the mis-directing of letters, the leaving off the county, the State, etc.,—do you think an official decree can do away with that? You know, yourself, that heedless, absent-minded people are bound to make those mistakes, & that no decree can knock the disposition out of them.

Observe this—I have been ciphering, & I know that the following facts are correct. The new law will compel ^18,000^ great mercantile houses to employ three extra correspondence-clerks apiece at $1000 a year—~~$18,000~~ ^$54,000^—smaller establishments in proportion. It will compel 30,000,000 of our population to write a daily average of ten ^extra^ words apiece—~~3,000,000,000~~ ^300,000,000^ unnecessary words; most of these people are slow—the average will be half a minute consumed ~~in on each of those~~ on each ten words—15,000,000 minutes of this nation's time fooled away every day—say 247,500 hours—which amounts to about 25,000 working-days of 10 hours each; this makes 82 years, of 300 working days each, counting out Sundays & sickness—eighty-two years of this nation's time wholly thrown away every day! Value of the average man's time, say $1000 a year—now do you see?—$82,000 thrown away daily; in round numbers, $25,000,000 yearly; in ten years, $250,000,000; in a hundred years, $2,500,000,000^^; in a million years—but I have not the nerve to go on; you can see, ~~fo~~ yourself, what we are coming to. If this law continues in force, there will not be money enough in this country, by & by, to pay for its obituary—& you mark my words, it will need one.

Now we come to the ink. No, let us forbear, let us forbear—~~—~~in fancy I already see the fleets of the world sailing in it.

Isn't it odd that we should take a spasm, every now & then, & go spinning back into the dark ages once more, after having put in a world of time & money & work toiling up into the high lights of modern progress? ~~And isn't it so~~ For many years it has been England's boast that her postal system is so admirable that you can't so cripple the direction of a letter that the Post office Department won't manage some way to find ~~that~~ the person the missive is intended for. We could say that too, once. But we have retired a hundred years, within the last two months, & now it is our boast that only the brightest & thoughtfulest & knowingest men's letters will ever be permitted to reach their destinations, & that those of the mighty majority of the American people,—the heedless, the unthinking, the illiterate,—will be rudely shot by the shortest route to the Dead Letter office & destruction. It seems to me that this new decree is very decidedly un-American.

Mark Twain.

Hartford, Nov. 22.

To Frank Fuller
22 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: CLjC, #01723)

Hartford, Nov. 22.

My Dear Fuller—

You did it up admirably—I knew you would. I have written Dawson & asked him to name a date a couple of weeks hence for me to accept or decline on—for I can't tell till then.

If you are stopping at the Windsor, old man, it won't be quite right for us to pile in on you as guests, but we'll stop at the same house, anyway, if we come.

A boy! Well, perseverance *will* tell! Madame & I congratulate you both, heartily—also the boy.

I'm glad you are building a carriage, too, for I hate those dam horse-cars there.

I'm just about to start in on another ten thousand dollar venture—a patent. Want to come in?—in case it continues to look good? Slote is to run it.

Yrs

Mark.

Gov. Frank Fuller | Windsor Hotel | New York | N. Y. [*in lower left corner:*] Dern that address—I forgot it again. Mark. [*postmarked:*] HARTFORD CONN. NOV 24 12 M [*and*] NEW-YORK REC'D NOV 24 6 PM 79 [*and*] H 11 24 8-P

To William Dean Howells
23 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, correspondence card: MH-H, #01724)

SLC FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD.

Sunday.

My Dear Howells:

My book is really finished at last—every care is off my mind, everything is out of my way—so I have accepted the invitation to be at the Holmes breakfast.

I'll bet a million my bed in your house has meantime been turned over to another; but if (on your honor) it hasn't, & I won't be incommoding you in the least, may I still come to you—say Dec. 2?

Yrs Ever

Mark.

To James B. Pond
24 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, postal card: MNS, #04013)

My Dear Boy, I wish I could, but I'm busy head over heels, & it's just a solid impossibility.

Yrs

Mark.

US POSTAL CARD. WRITE THE ADDRESS ON THIS SIDE—THE MESSAGE ON THE OTHER | Mr. J. B. Pond, | Literary Bureau | Boston | Mass. [*postmarked:*] HARTFORD CONN. NOV 24 12 M [*and*] REC'D IN BOSTON MASS. NOV 24 8PM | [*docketed:*] [*rule*] | Mark Twain | [*rule*] [*and*] HATHAWAY & POND, 36 BROMFIELD ST BOSTON J. B. POND.

To James B. Pond
25 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, postal card: NN-B, #10797)

My Dear Pond—

Sent you a postal saying I couldn't holler for that charity. Sorry I can't help in the 20 nights' Entertainments, but such is the case. If I could spare the time, & had the inclination, and nothing was in the way, I would willingly do it for $7,000 a night.

Yrs Ever
Mark.

US POSTAL CARD. WRITE THE ADDRESS ON THIS SIDE—THE MESSAGE ON THE OTHER | Messrs. Hathaway & Pond | 36 Bromfield st. | Boston | Mass. [*postmarked:*] HARTFORD CONN. NOV 25 6 PM

To Andrew H. H. Dawson
26 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS facsimile: Baltimore Book Company catalog,
14 February 1994, no. 282, item 38, #09849)

Hartford Nov. 26.

Dear Sir:

I am in trouble again with my helfiared book. (There—I have probably spelt that word wrong again; ~~my dear good old mother~~ ^Mr. Beecher^ tried a million times, if she tried once, to teach me how to spell that simple every-day word, but somehow I never could seem to get the hang of it, & to this day I cannot use it with any sort of confidence, especially in print.) It turns out that there's five weeks' solid work to be done on it, ^(the book, not the word,)^ yet, instead of two weeks'. So it is a hundred to one that I can't come to the banquet. I've a Boston engagement, in between, (Dec. 3) & that decreases my time & consequently my chances. Therefore, I will do the wise thing: go on ~~wo~~ with my work^d, as if there wasn't going to be any banquet & I wasn't invited. I hate to absolutely decline, because I want to be there; but if you don't hear from me by Dec. 20, cross me off & consider that my book has got me ~~where~~ "in the door" & I can't come.

Truly Yrs

S. L. Clemens

To Frank Fuller
26 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: Craven, #01747)

Nov. 26.

My Dear Frank—

A hundred chances to one I shan't be able to attend that banquet. My book ⌊is⌋ not as near done as I thought it was, by considerable many chapters. Wrote Dawson that if he didn't hear from me by Dec. 20, cross my name out of the list.

Dan Slote (121 William st.,) will tell you about the thing—am afraid the patent is not sound & strong—otherwise I would jump into it with the fullest confidence.

All right—we'll have a talk about the summer visit—don't guess we'll get to New York again very soon.

Yrs Ever

Mark.

To Olivia L. Clemens
27 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS facsimile: *The Twainian,* March-April 1981, p. 4, #02877)

Nov. 27, 1879.

SLC FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD.

Livy darling, time is moving along at a more & more lively gait with us, every year, ~~but~~—for, you see, we are growing *old.* It is one of the signs. Still, what we lose of youth, we make up in love, so the account is squared, & to nobody's disadvantage. I love you, my darling, & this my love will increase step by step as tooth by tooth falls out, milestoning my way down to the great mystery & the Sweet Bye & Bye.

Sam^{l}.

To William Dean Howells
27 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, postal card, in pencil: MH-H, #01727)

Warner & I go up Tuesday, 2d, reaching Boston about 6 P. M. He goes to friends in the Highlands. He thinks I leave for Belmont ~~by~~ from the Fitchburg-Old Colony-Boston-&-Albany Station; but I do not think he knows anything about it—he talks like a man who is simply trying to let on to know everything. But if *you* say that is the station to leave from, I will believe you, for you have no motive to deceive. Speak up.

Yrs

Mark.

US POSTAL CARD. WRITE THE ADDRESS ON THIS SIDE—THE MESSAGE ON THE OTHER | W. D. Howells, Esq | Editor "Atlantic Monthly" | ~~Ble~~ Belmont | Mass. [*postmarked:*] HARTFORD CONN. NOV 27 11AM

To William Dean Howells
28 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: NN-B, #02537)

Hartford, Nov. 28.

My Dear Howells=

If anybody talks, there, I shall claim the right to say a word myself, & be heard among the very *earliest*—else it would be confoundedly awar kward for me—& for the rest, too. But you may read what I say, beforehand, & strike out whatever you choose.

Of course I thought it wisest not to be there at all; but Warner took the opposite view, & most strenuously.

Speaking of Johnny's conclusion to become an outlaw, reminds me of Susie's newest & very earnest longing—to have crooked teeth & glasses—- "like mamma."

I would like to look into a child's head, once, & see what its processes are.

Ys Ever

S. L. Clemens

To Richard S. Tuthill
29? November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(Embedded text in Richard S. Tuthill to SLC,
23 December 1879, CU-MARK, #09194)

LAW OFFICES QUIGG & TUTHILL,
ROOMS 31–32, 132 LA SALLE STREET,

DAVID QUIGG,
RICHARD S. TUTHILL.

CHICAGO, Dec 23rd 18 79

My Dear Mr Clemmens

I should have ^sooner^ acknowledged the receipt of your generous and characteristic letter refusing to accept your expenses &c. incurred upon our invitation to be present at our Army of The Tenn. Banquet and Reunion, ^but^ I wanted to get our Executive Committee together & read your letter to them before I answered it. One and all voted you to be a regular "Oner"—a sort of prince in disguise—a nobleman who "derives his title to nobility directly from Almighty God—Before we had the pleasure of meeting and knowing you we all admired your tallent (not ^"slow on trigger"^) and felt ourselves *deeply* indebted to you for some of the pleasantest and jolliest hours of our several existences, for not when listening to Jo Jeffersen or Lotta or any of the great actors or actresses who make us *happy* have I, at least, had as exquisite REAL *substantial* pleasure—joy that makes the heart light and wreaths the face with smiles—as when in my little family circle, reading to my darlings from "Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," and other productions of the sage—this philosopher-theologian-statesman & historian and incomparable wit—Mark Twain—may his shadow increase! I say we all came about as near to actually LOVING the man who had done so much towards making the world cheerful & happy as was proper—you being a married man— But your coming to our Reunion & helping us out at our Banquet and staying around & letting us come to know you personally and finally writing that last letter was all that was needed to precipitate a crisis in the state of our feelings—and I advise Mrs C in time that she has good ground to be jealous of us boys of the society—of The Army of The Tennes[s]ee—for we acknowledge to being "clean gone" on her husband. We thank her too for letting you come—for we are most of us married men & speak advisedly when we say "*let* you come"—And then that noble & generous sentiment of hers—"When we can do the least thing for our (we like that word "our") soldiers it is above duty; its a privilege." I have seen tears come to the eyes of some as brave men as ever

faced death on a battlefield when they read *that*— God bless her—God bless you—God bless your babies—God bless us all!

Truly Your Friend
Richard S. Tuthill

To Pamela A. Moffett
30 November 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: NPV, #01729)

Hartford, Nov. 30.

My Dear Sister:

You must thank the committee for me for their pleasant note. I am very glad that the books were of a satisfactory kind.

Livy is doing tolerably—only. The children are hearty.

If the winter lasts long enough, maybe we'll get "settled"—there is no telling.

With love to all

Yr Bro

Sam.

To Frank Fuller
5 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: CLjC, #01733)

Hartford, Dec. 5.

My Dear Fuller—

Come to my help again! See if the musical box people haven't got an expert who can run up here ^right away^ & tell me what is the matter with a $500-box which I ordered in Geneva, & what sort of a box it is, & how much it is damaged & what it will cost to repair it. The man will need to be a person who has actually made or repaired boxes, I judge, for this thing is so mysterious a machine that it will easily baffle an amateur. The matter is important, because I am about to put a chapter in my book which must not go in if the Geneva people have not done me a dishonesty.

I hope this won't be any serious trouble to you, for I don't want to tax a willing friend too much.

I drew out of Dan Slote's speculation because my lawyer insisted that it was risky, although it promised mighty-well & seemed to have a deal of money in it.

Yrs Ever

Mark.

To William Winter
5 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(MS, correspondence card: ViU, #01734)

Hartford, Dec. 5.

SLC My Dear Winter: I have been reading the poem again, & am pushed by some force stronger than desire or inclination, to write a word & thank you personally for doing it. It is a master-work; it does not seem to have a flaw in it anywhere: ~~it~~ to me it is perfect. I would give anything if I could read it to my wife—as I do with all things that seem perfect to me—but in each verse there is a rock upon which my voice would be wrecked—I do not see how you ever read it without breaking down. The r[h]ythm, the music, the pathos, the affection, the noble eloquence—it is so filled with these, from the first line to the last, that it moves me out of all self-control. I saw it was great, that night, but it is greater still, now, for although I drew up near you I lost many words.

Sincerely Yours,

S. L. Clemens.

To the Editor of the Hartford *Courant* and Thomas B. Kirby, Private Secretary to the Postmaster General
8 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(TS: Hartford *Courant,* 9 December 1879, p. 2, #02807)

To the EDITOR *of* THE COURANT:—

SIR: A day or two ago I received a formidable envelop from Washington enclosing a letter & some printed matter. This envelop had certain peculiarities about it. For instance, in its right hand upper corner an oval black stamp was printed, bearing the words, "United States Postal service;" in the upper left hand corner the following words were printed, in large, bold type, in three separate lines—thus:

Post Office Department.
Office of the Postmaster General.
OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

In the lower left-hand corner was printed the following words, in two separate lines—thus:

A penalty of $300 *is fixed by law, for using this*
Envelop for other than OFFICIAL *Business.*

In this majestic envelop I found the following among other things:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 30th, 1879.

S. M. Clements, Esq.,
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sir:

Noticing your letter to THE HARTFORD COURANT upon the recent order of the Postmaster General, I take the liberty of enclosing a few copies of a tract which the Department has prepared in order to meet such hardened cases as yours. After reading the tract and the enclosed clipping (from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*), which latter I wish you would return to me as it is the only copy I have, you will see that the "unnecessary labor" of which you complain was really as unnecessary as the complaint, the only utility of which was to add to the already surplus stock of misinformation in the world, and to enable some needy compositors to increase their strings by several thousand, which latter end might have been just as well attained by the use of bogus.

I send you by this mail a copy of the Postal Laws and Regulations to explain the allusions in the tract, and hope you will take the trouble to look into the matter thoroughly. The Department is a unit in regarding the order as the greatest step towards perfecting the

postal service that has been taken for years, and its officers are confident that when the public understand it they will sustain it.

Yours Truly,
THOS. B. KIRBY.
(Private Secretary to the Postmaster General.)

MY CALLOW FRIEND—When you shall have outgrown the effervescences of youth, & acquired a bit of worldly experience, you will cease to make mistakes like that. That is to say, you will refrain from meddling in matters which do not concern you, you will recognize the simple wisdom of confining yourself strictly to your own business.

There are persons who would resent this innocent piece of impertinence of yours, & say harsh things to you about it; but fortunately for you, I am not that sort of person. Whatever else I may lack, I have a good heart. Therefore, in a humane & gentle spirit, I will try to set you right upon certain small points,—not to hurt you, but to do you good.

You seem to think you have been called to account. This is a grave error. It is the Post Office Department of the United States of America which has been called to account. There is a difference here, which you have over-looked—I will point it out. You are not the post office department, but only an irresponsible, inexpensive, & unnecessary appendage to it. Grave, elderly men, public instructors, like me, do not call private secretaries to account. Bear this in mind, it will be a help to you. The mistake you have made is simple—you have imagined yourself the dog, whereas you are only the tail. You have endeavored to wag the dog; this was not judicious; you should have hung quiescent until the dog wagged *you*. If I stepped on this tail—& we will grant, for the sake of argument, that I did—it was not to call the tail's attention to anything, but only to direct the attention of the main body of the animal to a certain matter. You perceive, it was simply in the nature of ringing a bell, that is all; my business was not with the bell itself, but with the owner of it. A bell is a useful thing, in a measure, but it should not keep on ringing when one is done with it.

Do I make myself partially understood? Lest there be any doubt, let me illustrate farther—by parable; for the parable is the simplest & surest vehicle for conveying information to the immature mind. You seem to have gathered

the impression, somehow, that you are a member of the cabinet. This is an error. You are only extraneous matter connected *with* a member of the cabinet. Your chief is one of the guns of that battery, but you are not. You are not the gun, or the load, or even the ramrod; neither do you supply the ammunition. You only do up the cartridge & serve as a fire-stick to touch it off. You are not the barrel of molasses, you are only the faucet through which the molasses is discharged. You are not the boot, but the bootjack; that is to say, you do not furnish the idea, you only pull it off. You are not the lightning, but only the lightning-rod.

Do you perceive? The thing I am trying to convey to you is, that it does not become you to assume functions which do not belong to you. You may think it strange that I am closing this note without saying anything upon the matter which you have broached. Overlook that, drop it out of your mind—we do not disturb the repose of private secretaries with affairs with which they have nothing to do.

The newspaper slip which you have enclosed to me will be returned to you by one of my private secretaries. I keep eleven of these things—not for use, but display.

Although I cannot consent to talk public business with you, a benevolent impulse moves me to call your attention to a matter which is of quite serious importance to you as an individual. You, an unofficial private citizen, have written me an entirely personal & unofficial letter, which you have had the temerity to enclose to me in a Department envelop bearing upon its surface in clear print this plain & unmistakable warning: *"A penalty of* $300 *is fixed by law, for using this envelop for other than* OFFICIAL *business."* The servants of the government's officers ought to be, for simple decency's sake, among the last to break its laws. You have committed a serious offense—an offense which has none of the elements of a joke about it—& only plain & simple treachery to his duty, on the part of your superior, can save you from the penalty involved. The kindly & almost affectionate spirit which I have shown you is sufficient evidence that I do not wish you any harm, but indeed the reverse. So, if that treachery shall intervene to shield you, I shall not be sorry—as far as you individually are concerned—but I should be unfaithful to my citizenship if I did not at the same time feel something of a pang to see a law of the land coolly ignored & degraded by one of the very highest officers of the government. As far as I am concerned, you are safe—unless you intrude

upon me again; in which case I may be tempted to bring you before the courts myself for the violation of that law.

There, now—receive my blessing. Go, & do not mix into other people's affairs any more. Otherwise you may pick up somebody who will feed disagreeable words to you instead of sugar.

Mark Twain.

To the Editor of the Hartford *Courant*
8 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(TS: Hartford *Courant,* 9 December 1879, p. 2, #02808)

To the EDITOR *of* THE COURANT:—

SIR: If you will allow me a brief word, I can furnish some information which, for excellent reasons, not two Americans in twelve hundred are acquainted with. It is this. The issuing of the wild postal edict of last September raised such a tempest of protestations in every quarter of the country, that the department, after enduring the siege for a few days, succumbed—partially. It did not retire from the fortress openly, however. That is to say, it surrendered part of its armament, but nobody knew about it, for the reason that the fact was not made public. The fact was printed in the Postal Guide—-that is to say, it was secreted there. If it had got into the newspapers we should have heard of it, & our complaints would have assumed a diminished form. Here is the modification:—

"56. When postmasters and employes of the railway mail service *know* that matter deposited in their offices for mailing, addressed to a city without the name of the state being given, is intended for the principal city of that name, being for instance, addressed to a well-known citizen, firm, newspaper or institution of such principal city, or to a street and number which could only be found therein, it should be forwarded as directed in section 467. Otherwise the provisions of sections 437, 438 and 740, P. L. & R., 1879, are to be observed."

If that had accompanied the original edict, there would not have been such a storm.

Mark Twain.

To James Cowan
9 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: TxU-Hu, #01735)

Hartford, Dec. 9.

James Cowan, Esq

D^r^ Sir: I should be glad to write something for the "Knapsack," but my time is so wholly occupied on the closing chapters of a book that I am obliged to crave your indulgence.

Very Truly Yours
S. L. Clemens

To William Dean Howells
9 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: MH-H, #01736)

Hartford, Dec. 9.

My Dear Howells:

Am very much obliged for the trouble you have taken in the telegraphic matter. It is all right, now. I think the employment of "Young ladies" to do a servant's work ^in a waiting-room^ is a mistake—Young ladies who flaunt that obsolete title are bound to be conspicuous for the lack of the good manners which belong with it.

But what do you send back the proofs for? They were for you, not me. The idea is to send them in batches, so you can read them when you have nothing pressing on hand, & be able finally to write a notice without being obliged to skim through the whole vast mass at one sitting. (I ^have^ struck out that little yarn, as you suggested.)

In this morning's Courant I make an effort to blast the Post Master General's private secretary from *his* lucrative position. I think I've rather got him.

Yrs Ever

Mark

Had an awful good time at Belmont, but it was intolerably short.

To Robert G. Ingersoll
9 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(TS: CU-MARK, #01737)

Hartford, Dec. 9, 1879.

My dear Ingersoll:

If you have a perfect copy of your peerless Chicago speech to spare, please let me have it. I have imperfect copies, but no others. I'm to read the speech to a young girls club here, Saturday—but that is not the main thing, I want a perfect copy for my private scrap-book.

S. L. Clemens

To William Dean Howells
10 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: MH-H, #01738)

Dec. 10. '79.

Dear Howells—

Will you place this cuss's name & address alongside Chatto's, & order "simultane" sheets to be sent to him & Chatto at the same time—when there are any?

I hoped he wouldn't bother any more about these things, but as I promised him I suppose I must keep my word—not as creating a precedent, but for the novelty of it.

Yrs Ever

Mark.

To Robert M. Howland
14 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, correspondence card: CU-MARK, #02810)

Hartford, Dec. 14.

SLC Dear Bob—

Thanks for the pictures—we greatly value them. That is a lovely little naked rat done up in a fringe. And mind, Bob, don't you forget to put in an appearance here when you come east. Lou must stir you up about that if you are already gone when this note arrives.

With love to all your household,

Yrs Ever

Sam.

To Robert G. Ingersoll
14 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(TS: CU-MARK, #01740)

Hartford, Dec. 14, 1879.

My dear Ingersoll:

Thank you most heartily for the books—I am devouring them—they have found a hungry place, and they content it & satisfy it to a miracle. I wish I could hear you *speak* these splendid chapters before a great audience—to read them by myself & hear the boom of the applause only in the ear of my imagination, leaves a something wanting—& there is also a still greater lack, your manner, & voice, & presence.

The Chicago speech arrived an hour too late, but I was all right anyway, for I found that my memory had been able to correct all the errors. I read it to the Saturday Club (of young girls) & told them to remember that it was doubtful if its superior existed in our language.

Truly yours,
S. L. Clemens

To Frank B. Earnest
18 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.

(TS: New York *Times,* 2 January 1880, p. 5,
reprinting the Knoxville *Tribune,* #01741)

Hartford, Dec. 18.

Frank B. Earnest, Esq.:

Dear Sir: I thank you very much for that pleasant article. Of course, it is not for me to judge between Artemus & myself on trade merits, but when it comes to speaking of matters personal, I am a good witness. Artemus was one of the kindest & gentlest men in the world, & the hold which he took on the Londoners surpasses imagination. To this day one of the first questions which a Londoner asks me is if I knew Artemus Ward; the answer, "yes," makes that man my friend on the spot. Artemus seems to have been on the warmest terms with thousands of those people. Well, he seems never to have written a harsh thing against anybody—neither have I, for that matter—at least nothing harsh enough for a body to fret about—& I think he never felt bitter toward people. There may have been three or four other people like that in the world at one time or another, but they probably died a good while ago. I think his lecture on the "Babes in the Wood" was the funniest thing I ever listened to. Artemus once said to me, gravely, almost sadly, "Clemens, I have done too much fooling, too much trifling; I am going to write something that will live."

"Well, what, for instance?"

In the same grave way, he said:

"A *lie*."

It was an admirable surprise; I was just getting ready to cry, he was becoming so pathetic. This has never been in print—you should give it to your friend of the *American*, for I judge by what he writes of Artemus that he will appreciate it. I think it's mighty bright—as well for its quiet sarcasm as for its happy suddenness & unexpectedness.

* * * * * * *

Yours, truly,

S. L. Clemens.

To Frank Fuller
19 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: CLjC, #01742)

Dec. 19.

Dear Fuller—

I'm leaving the music box business alone till I get out of this awful press of work. Then I'm going to get you or the other man to fix it.

I wrote Dawson that if I did not accept by ~~yester~~ ^the^ 20th, to cross me off the list. He wrote humorously back requiring my presence & saying he should give out that I was coming, & would shoot me if I made him lie, & so on. So much for ever having anything to do with a stranger. If my work is still in the way, of *course* I shan't be there; & ^as^ it rigidly promises to be in the way, I wish you would just pleasantly & dexterously get him to drop the matter permanently, for I don't want any unsettled things hanging in the air when I am trying to get through with this eternal book.

Ys Ever

Mark.

I don't want him to write me, either—it simply adds a bother.

Gov. Frank Fuller | Windsor Hotel | New York. [*postmarked:*] HARTFORD CONN. DEC 20 12M [*and*] NEW-YORK REC'D DEC 20 79 6PM [*and*] H 12 20 8 P

To Mary Mason Fairbanks
21 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, correspondence cards: CSmH, #01743)

Dec. 21.

SLC Dear Mother—I would be ashamed of myself for delaying so long, but for the fact that the only way I can do my work right & make progress enough to keep me encouraged, is to *begin the day* with it; the result is that I *end* the day with it & have to be dragged to dinner by the hair. So day after day slips away & the letters accumulate—O, how they pile up!—and at last I give up & call myself vanquished.

Last night when I was wailing, Livy said, "Well, write Mother Fairbanks a *card*—that will ease your conscience till your book is done." So I am doing that, this morning. She won't let me write any at night, because, among other reasons, I get into the doctor's hands with the least overwork.

You have had a troublous time of it, & I wish I had a telephone—I could talk to you, if I can't write. But you & Mr. Fairbanks seem to be over the reef & in smooth water at last, & that is something to be thankful for. Confound speculation, anyway! It nips us all, sooner or later; but it won't nip me any more—nor Mr. F. I judge. However, perhaps neither of us better holler yet. I am most sincerely glad you have all come out safe & comfortable—plenty of people haven't. I will go to work, now, offering you & all of you my love & begging your forgiveness.

Yr son
S L C.

Mrs. A. W. Fairbanks | Care "Herald" | Cleveland | Ohio [*return address:*] IF NOT DELIVERED WITHIN 10 DAYS, TO BE RETURNED TO [*postmarked:*] HARTFORD CONN. DEC 22 11AM [*second postmark illegible*]

To John Munro
21? December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(TS, unidentified clipping: CU-MARK, #01745)

. . . .

My twins (born three years apart) are happily past that stage, but I thank you all the same for your receipt, as does also one of our neighbors, who is in a position to take advantage of it.

Mark Twain

To Samuel E. Moffett
26 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS: CU-MARK, #01744)

Hartford, Dec. 26.

My Dear Sam:

It is funny that you should happen to hit upon the very book I have been wanting, & intending to buy, ever since it was published. I came near buying it in German, once, in Munich, but the binding was extravagantly costly—& besides ~~it was~~ I was not after binding, I only wanted the book.

Your aunt Livy is by no means well, but all the rest of us are. We all send love & Xmas greetings.

Your uncle
S. L. Clemens

Mr. S. E. Moffett | 100 Walton st. | Atlanta | Ga [*postmarked:*] HARTFORD CONN. DEC 27 1PM [*and*] CARRIER 30 DEC 3PM

To Robert M. Howland
29 December 1879 • Hartford, Conn.
(MS, correspondence card: CU-MARK, #04128)

Monday Night.

SLC Dear Bob—If your engagements are such that you can come in the early part of next week, that will be a little better, because Mrs. Clemens, who has been ailing for some days, succumbed this afternoon & took to her bed; but if ~~th~~ your plans do not leave you free to change, come Thursday as proposed—& be *sure* to do, it, my boy, for *I* can have a chat with you, if Mrs. C. can't. Mind, you are to *come, sure*—I only propose the later day in the hope of giving Mrs. C. a chance to have a share of the visit with us.

Ys Ever

Sam.

Source Codes

The following list defines the source codes used in editorial headings throughout this edition.

SOURCE	NAME
ArU	University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
AuMS	State Library of Victoria, Melbourne, Vic., Australia
Bentley	Private collection
Boas	Private collection
C	California State Library, Sacramento, Calif.
CCamarSJ	Saint John's Seminary, Camarillo, Calif.; formerly Doheny collection, now dispersed
CLjC	Copley Newspapers Incorporated, James S. Copley Library, La Jolla, Calif.
CLSU	University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.
CLU-S/C	University of California, Los Angeles, Department of Special Collections, Los Angeles, Calif.
Craven	Private collection
CSadM	Calaveras County Museum & Archives Library, San Andreas, Calif.
CSfCP	Society of California Pioneers, Alice Phelan Sullivan Library, San Francisco, Calif.
CSmH	Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.
Ct	Connecticut State Library, Hartford, Conn.
CtHC	Hartford Seminary Foundation, Hartford, Conn.
CtHi	Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford, Conn.
CtHMTH	The Mark Twain Memorial (Mark Twain House), Hartford, Conn.
CtHSD	Stowe-Day Memorial Library and Historical Foundation, Hartford, Conn.
CtLHi	Litchfield Historical Society, Litchfield, Conn.
CtY	Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
CtY-BR	Yale University, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, New Haven, Conn.
CU-BANC	University of California, Berkeley, Bancroft Library, Berkeley, Calif.

CU-MARK	University of California, Berkeley, Mark Twain Collection, Berkeley, Calif.
CU-SB	University of California, University Library, Department of Special Collections, Santa Barbara, Calif.
Daley	Private collection
Davis	Private collection
DFo	Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D.C.
DGU	Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.
DLC	United States Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.
DNA	United States National Archives and Records Service, National Archives Library, Washington, D.C.
Heritage Book Shop	Heritage Book Shop, Los Angeles, Calif.
Howard	Private collection
Hyman	Private collection
IaDaPM	Putnam Museum of History and Natural Science, Davenport, Iowa
ICN	Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.
IGa	Galena Public Library District, Galena, Ill.
InFwLW	Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum, Fort Wayne, Ind.
InU-Li	Indiana University, Lilly Library, Bloomington, Ind.
IU-R	University of Illinois, Rare Book and Special Collections Library, Urbana, Ill.
Jacobs	Private collection, now dispersed
Karanovich	Private collection
Keniston	Private collection
Koslosky	Private collection
KyHi	Kentucky Historical Society, Frankfort, Ky.
MB	Boston Public Library and Eastern Massachusetts Regional Public Library System, Boston, Mass.
MH-H	Harvard University, Houghton Library, Cambridge, Mass.
MiU	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
MNS	Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
MoCgS	Southeast Missouri State College, Cape Girardeau, Mo.
MoHH	Mark Twain Home Foundation, Hannibal, Mo.
MoHM	Mark Twain Museum, Hannibal, Mo.
MoPeS	Saint Mary's Seminary, Perryville, Mo.
MoSW	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
MWA	American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

N	New York State Library, Albany, N.Y.
NBuU-PO	State University of New York at Buffalo, Poetry Library, Buffalo, N.Y.
NElmC	Elmira College, Elmira, N.Y.
NFred	Historical Museum of the D.R. Barker Library, Fredonia, N.Y.
NHyF	General Services Administration, National Archives and Record Service, Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, N.Y.
NIC	Cornell University Library, Ithaca, N.Y.
NjP	Princeton University Library, Princeton, N.J.
NN	New York Public Library, New York, N.Y.
NN-B	New York Public Library, Albert A. and Henry W. Berg Collection, New York, N.Y.
NNC	Columbia University, New York, N.Y.
NPV	Vassar College Libraries, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
NvL2	American Museum of Historical Documents, Las Vegas, Nev.
OFH	Rutherford B. Hayes Library, Fremont, Ohio
PBL	Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.
PHi	Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
PPiHi	Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pa.
PSt	Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pa.
Sachs	Private collection
Scott	Private collection
Slotta	Private collection
T	Tennessee State Library and Archives, Nashville, Tenn.
Thomson	Private collection
TxU-Hu	Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas, Austin, Tex.
Uk4	University of Reading, Reading, United Kingdom
UkENL	National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh, United Kingdom
ViU	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
ViW	College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
VtMiM	Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.
WHi	State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
WU	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.